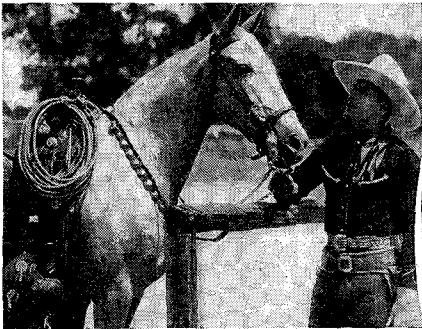
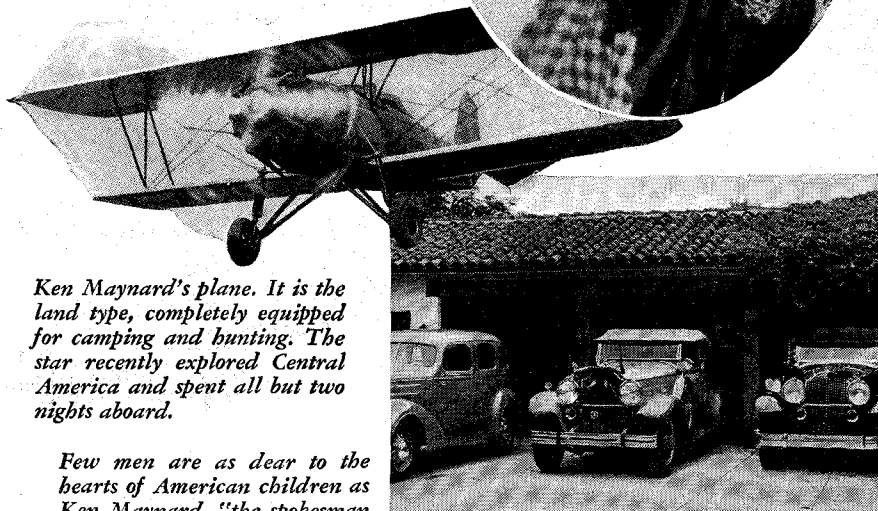


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Ken Maynard



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The Literary Digest

For April 18, 1936

VOLUME 121

NUMBER 16

WHOLE NO. 2400

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Published at 354-360 Fourth Avenue

New York

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Information for Subscribers

TERMS: United States and Canada, \$4.00 a year, in advance; \$2.00 six months; 10 cents a copy. Foreign countries, \$5.00 a year.

Semiannual Indexes will be sent free to subscribers who apply for them.

Instructions for renewals, discontinuance or change of address should be sent two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both old and new addresses must always be given.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is published weekly by Funk & Wagnalls Company, WILFRED J. FUNK, President; ROBERT J. CUDDEY, Vice-President and Treasurer; WILLIAM NEISEL, Secretary, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., London Office, 27a Farringdon Street. Printed in the U. S. A. Entered as second-class matter, March 24, 1890, at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

THE LITERARY DIGEST title is registered in U. S. Patent Office, and in Foreign Countries. PUBLIC OPINION, New York, and CURRENT OPINION, New York, combined with THE LITERARY DIGEST. (Title registered in U. S. Patent Office.)

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SMART TO BE SEEN IN . . . SMARTER TO BUY

The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, APRIL 18, 1936

TOPICS OF THE DAY

Crusaders and Senators Cross Swords

Clark, Head of Modern Organization, Accepts Committee Challenge

The emblem of the Crusaders is a knight in shining armor riding into battle on a stalwart charger. Protected by the shield of "Tolerance," he holds high the broadsword of "Truth."

The Senate Lobby Committee has its own ideas of truth and tolerance. In its dogged desire to determine who is spending money to influence legislation in Washington, how much, and why, it crossed swords with the Crusaders last week.

Skeptical of the lofty motives sounded by the Crusaders in their literature, Senators challenged Fred G. Clark of Mentor, Ohio, National Commander. Amiable and articulate, Commander Clark parried their thrusts with the assurance won in a militant career.

The day before the Armistice was signed in 1918, Fred Clark, then a Captain buying oil and grease supplies for the American Army, tried on his new uniform to go overseas.

Altho he missed that conflict, he has been in the thick of the fray on the peace-time front ever since.

Galvanized by Massacre—The St. Valentine's Day gang massacre in Chicago in 1929 shocked him into action against the racketeering spawned by illegal liquor sale. The result was the Crusaders Against Prohibition, mobilized at Cleveland in the spring of 1929.

When the fight for repeal gained momentum, Mr. Clark resigned as President of his family's oil-refining company and pitched in. He got Walter Chrysler to help finance a study of drinking and drunkenness.

A few months later Mr. Clark challenged Dr. Clarence True Wilson, Methodist dry leader, to a debate. He hired a tutor to teach him how to speak in public. He worried most about the rebuttal. After the scheduled speeches, Doctor Wilson arose and said: "That was the fairest and most constructive argument on the other side I have ever heard." There was no rebuttal.

Mr. Clark still boasts of that achievement. He shows you clippings about it. But he is not vain. He tells of his failure to be graduated from Kenyon College at Gambier, Ohio, where he studied philosophy and sang in the glee club, and says that he has a "mediocre mind."

Toward the end of the fight for repeal, Mr. Clark rallied youth in a drive against gangsters in the liquor trade. The Hearst newspapers backed him up.

In 1934, the Crusaders, rid of the no-

longer-necessary appendage to their title, set out to slay a new dragon—"any movement toward making the Government master of the people." By this they mean communism, fascism, control of private enterprise, and share-the-wealth schemes. Specifically, they attacked the EPIC movement, the Townsend Plan, and public-utility laws. Inevitably they became highly critical of many phases of the New Deal.

They use the radio freely. Often Mr. Clark's voice goes out to the country from a little room above an Ohio crossroads barber-shop, original headquarters of the Crusaders. Burlap on the walls deadens sound, but villagers getting their hair cut below can hear Mr. Clark when he gets wound up on his message.

Gets No Pay—Mr. Clark gets no pay. Neither do other leaders of the Crusaders. But radio time, research workers' salaries, clerical help, printing and mailing, and the like cost them \$120,000 a year.

Mr. Clark contends that the organization barely collects that amount through voluntary contributions, most of them small, from members and non-members.

Some of this money goes for sending telegrams and post-cards to Congressmen. Individual members send others at their own expense. Mr. Clark does not call this lobbying. It is the right of every American to tell his Representative what to do. The Crusaders, he says, have no representatives, not even an office in Washington.

The lobby investigators, nevertheless, were interested in the list of wealthy and prominent men upon whom the Crusaders called for help.

"Who was John W. Davis?" asked a Senator, reading from the list.

"He is a Democrat," Mr. Clark answered soberly. "He ran for President one year."

"Who was Ogden Mills?" the Senator pursued.

"A lawyer," still without a smile.

"This Sewell Avery of Chicago whom you list. Isn't he Chairman of Montgomery Ward and isn't he Secretary of the American Liberty League?"

"We can't be responsible for everything they do," replied Mr. Clark.

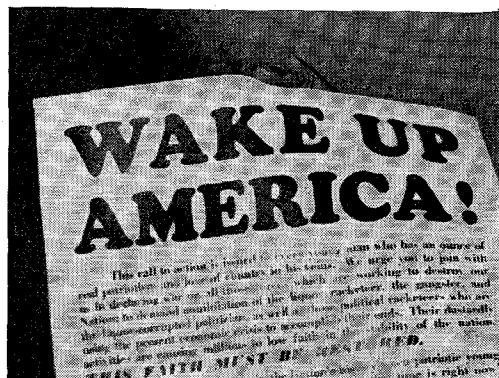
Senators are not the first to link the American Liberty League and the Crusaders.

Charge and Denial—Raymond Moley, writing in the weekly *Today*, finds them very much alike, except for personnel.

"While their purposes are veiled in generalities, it is quite evident that the drive behind them comes from business men and interests who are generally desirous of seeing government, particularly the National Government, veer more toward the 'Right,'" Mr. Moley believes.

Mr. Clark vehemently denies any kinship with the Liberty League. In fact, he is a little scornful of its aims and tactics.

The Liberty League, with the Sentinels of the Republic, and other organizations hostile to the New Deal, awaits the day when the lobby committee will put it on the carpet.



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Fred G. Clark, Crusader, . . . "set out to slay a new dragon"

Tact and Heroism on U. S. Air-Lines String in "Marx Soup"

There Are Many Duties in Rules-Book; Hostess Answers Higher Call

If you are not more than twenty-six, are a trained nurse weighing not more than 118 pounds, have well-controlled nerves, a diplomat's *savoir-faire*, and a winning smile, you may be put on the eligibility-list of Transcontinental & Western Air hostesses.

Those are the basic qualifications for such a job. When "Lindbergh Line" officials decided to employ air-hostesses to make their huge transport-planes more

they are traveling, picked up litter, provided blankets and pillows for sleepy travelers, and answered 1,001 questions from grown-ups, too. So, she has nothing to do until lunch-time.

Then, she turns waitress. She washes her hands, and opens lunch-boxes according to regulations. There is coffee and tea in thermos bottles, but she opens these herself. Passengers might pull out corks too quickly, and that would mean a geyser of coffee spouting to the ceiling, for the air-pressure is greater at high altitudes.

More Hostesses—This year, there are more air-hostesses than ever as the commercial air-lines of the United States carry more and more passengers, mail, and express over services which the rest of the world tries its best to copy. This is done, statistics show, with somewhat fewer accidents than occur in automotive transportation when passenger mileage is compared.

Yet, sometimes, there are occasions when the book of rules does not tell the hostess what she must do. Just one day after the tenth anniversary of America's first commercial air-mail flight, an occasion above and beyond the call of duty came to Miss Nellie H. Granger of Dravosburg, Pennsylvania, air-hostess on the TWA's California-bound *Sun Racer*, great nine-ton Douglas air-liner. She is one of the young women picked by the air-line as hostesses.



Nellie H. Granger: from hostess to heroine

homelike, they went into a long huddle. Thirty-one typewritten pages of specifications emerged.

Page one, System Operations Circular No. 100, Revised:

"As the passenger is the guest of the hostess, she must be a diplomat in analyzing the preferences and anticipating the wishes of each passenger."

Modern *Marco Polo*, air-traveler in seat No. 2, Newark, New Jersey to Pittsburgh, lights up an appropriate stogy. His hostess spots his first smoke-cloud, beams her warmest smile, and speaks softly into his ear (Rule 12-D—never speak directly into a passenger's face):

"I'm very sorry, Mr. *Polo*, but cigar-smoking is not permitted in the plane. It tends to make many passengers sick."

Few confirmed cigar-puffers could resist that, but, if Mr. *Polo* should persist, the instructions provide:

"If he persists in finishing the cigar or pipe that he has already started, there is nothing further that can be done."

1,001 Questions—She already has collected the tickets, finished making out her report, answered 1,001 questions for a little boy making his first trip aloft, handed out newspapers and magazines, adjusted chairs, found writing-trays and stationery for those who wish to write letters, fixed ventilators to keep the cabin temperature at seventy degrees, pointed out scenery, told all the passengers how high and how fast

Heroic Rescue—Perhaps thirty miles off the course, the *Sun Racer* fought snow, sleet, and fog over the Alleghenies of Southwestern Pennsylvania, near Uniontown. Miss Granger told how:

"Suddenly, there was a horrible ripping sound. The whole ship wheeled drunkenly to the right. Instantly, and with a sinking sensation deep inside of me, I realized our right wing had struck a tree. . . . A fraction of a second later, the nose of the plane smashed head-on.

"There was a blinding flash, and that, mixed with the terrific cracking-up of every part of the plane, made me certain it was the end. . . . I tried to move, then everything went black. . . .

"I recovered consciousness, and found myself lying half-covered with wreckage. A man was groaning, and I could hear a woman crying in a voice of such agony it forced me to the realization that I had to do something."

She did. On shaky knees she hobbled to the blazing plane and dragged out a man and the only woman aboard. Eleven men, including the two pilots and four military institute cadets, perished.

Then she staggered blindly for four miles until she found a telephone to summon help. When help arrived, Nellie Granger was back near the smoldering plane with the two she had saved, administering to their grievous injuries.

"They told me it was only four miles I walked," she said, "but I couldn't tell—it seemed a million miles."

Seaman's Flare-Up Among Wide-spread Charges of "Mutinies"

Ice cream for dessert in the forecabin of the Dollar Liner *President Garfield*, round-the-world cruise-ship. Benny Pulanski, oiler and delegate of the International Seaman's Union aboard, dips in with his spoon and fishes out a piece of string.

It makes no difference to Pulanski that ice cream is something of a treat. He bangs on Capt. Gregory Cullen's cabin-



Wide World

Joseph B. Weaver: why the "interruptions"

door, kicks about the food in general and the string in particular.

This insubordination landed Pulanski in the brig. He was released on the crew's plea after twenty-four hours. During the voyage to New York there was a constant undercurrent of trouble.

"Lenin With Meat"—Passengers were less reticent in talking about the cruise. Ernest A. Fleischer of East Orange, New Jersey, got "Karl Marx with my soup and Lenin with my meat."

That is but one instance of countless charges that red agitators are "boring from within" America's merchant marine. There are accusations of sabotage, insubordination, and rank mutiny—countered with charges of poor food, intimidation, harsh treatment.

To sift fact from rumor, Joseph B. Weaver, Chief of the Department of Commerce's Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection, is heading a searching inquiry to determine what has caused from 300 to 500 "interruptions" in the sailings of American ships in a year and a half.

"Some incidents may be the fault of the operators, the officials, conditions aboard the vessel, food served, the failure of either crew or operator to live up to agreements, and numerous other causes," this precedent-shattering disciple of direct action reports.

Mr. Weaver is a technician, not a politician. He also is pushing revision of ship-safety laws.

Roosevelt, Borah in La Follette Land

How Wisconsin Press Interprets Results in Progressive Party State

Wisconsin, land of liberalism, flouts rigid old party lines and primary election strait-jackets.

The La Follettes and their Progressives rule the State's internal affairs. Ever since the days of the elder Robert La Follette, Progressives have been free to weight the scales for Democrats and Republicans when they had no candidate of their own.

The Wisconsin law requires no advance registration of voters by a Party for either the Convention delegate contests or for the Presidential Preference Primary.

Last week each primary voter was handed two ballots, one Republican, headed by the name of Senator William E. Borah; one Democratic, headed by the name of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

No matter which way he voted, nothing in Wisconsin's "interchangeable" system prevents the voter from switching to the other side in the general election.

Emerging Facts—This political heterodoxy complicates reading exact meanings into last week's elections in Wisconsin, but a few sure facts emerge:

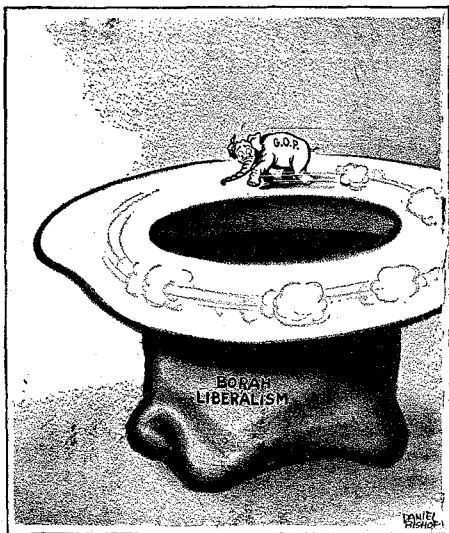
1. President Roosevelt's Democratic ticket attracted twice as many voters as did Senator Borah's Republican ticket.

2. President Roosevelt and Senator Borah both ran ahead of the delegates instructed for them, a proof of personal popular favor. President Roosevelt's slate was uncontested.

3. Senator Borah won twenty-one of the twenty-four delegates to the Republican Convention in June over the State Committee's uninstructed slate.

4. Daniel W. Hoan added another four years to his twenty-year Administration as Mayor of Milwaukee.

The most surprising aspect of the elections to the *Manitowoc Herald Times*, responding to a State-wide canvass of the press, was the strength shown by President Roosevelt in polling 100,000 more votes than in the Preferential Primary of 1932.



It's a Big Drop for Him
—Bishop in the St. Louis Star-Times

"Wisconsin may not landslide toward the donkey, but it is headed in that direction," Harry Lyford, Editor of the *Monroe Times*, chimed in.

The *Merrill Daily Herald* pointed to a rock in the path.

"Roosevelt received a much larger vote than many expected but the [Democratic] contest for delegates-at-large was more than a pillow battle," it interposed.

Wisconsin's indorsement of President Roosevelt and Senator Borah bore out, for the *Waukesha Daily Freeman*, the State's continued support of La Folletteism and other Left or socialist tendencies.

Republican Battle—But it was a mimic battle between the Republican liberals and conservatives, to the *Wausau Record-Herald*, since La Follette liberals divorced themselves from the Republicans two years ago.

"The Progressives voted for Borah, unquestionably, to discomfit their old enemies, the stalwart Republicans," the *Two Rivers Reporter* chuckled.

"But if Borah does not get the nomination they will be among the missing in the Republican column next November.

"Generally speaking, some will be for Roosevelt, some for the Socialist nominee. It is even possible that there will be a Progressive candidate for President. What the Primary has done, however, is to crush what remains of 'Old Guard' control of the Wisconsin Republican Party, for which the Party should make a graceful bow to the La Follettes.

"Those who seek beneath the surface may see in the Primary result a warning to the New Deal Administration that the Progressives are still free agents, and not to be taken for granted. To carry Wisconsin next November, President Roosevelt and Postmaster General Farley must still mind their manners and court the La Follettes with a full share, at least, of appropriations and patronage. The Borah swing was a gesture, one may guess, not without intention.

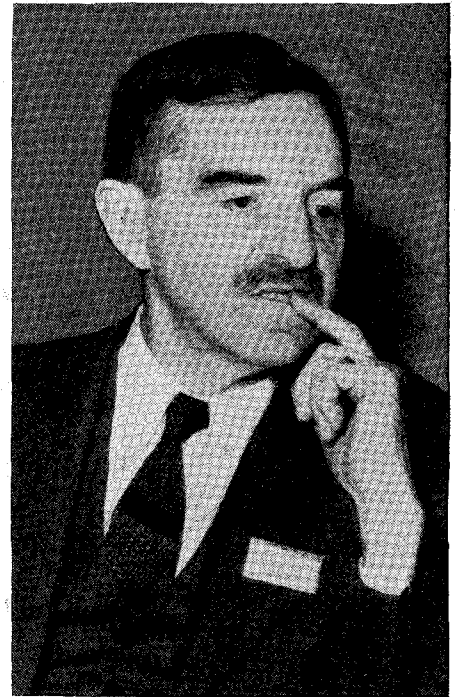
"The Primary puts no finger on the La Follettes. Perhaps that is its most important meaning."

The Borah swing was not a gesture but an indication that Senator Borah is genuinely admired for his rugged career and that his judgment is trusted, in the opinion of the *Green Bay Press Gazette*.

The *Oshkosh Northwestern* believes that the Borah victory in Wisconsin gives a fillip to his national campaign, warning:

"It is notice to the Party that the Badger State is opposed to any Old Guard manipulation at Cleveland and that a majority of Wisconsin Republicans want a liberal candidate and platform."

Senator Borah's Presidential aspirations would have been completely dissipated and with them might have gone a political force that bids fair to keeping the Party in the race next November, had liberal Wisconsin



Wide World

Reelected: Daniel W. Hoan who, for twenty years, has been Milwaukee's Socialist Mayor

rebuffed him, the *Marshfield News Herald* is convinced.

The *Kenosha Evening News* questions whether the support given to Borah has any such national significance, since the Wisconsin election system does not provide a true test of Republican sentiment.

"Apparently stray sheep are grazing aimlessly about the Wisconsin Commonwealth looking for a shepherd," the *La Crosse Tribune and Leader-Press* guesses. "To which Party the lot of shepherd of the fold will fall is presently difficult to determine, but it is well to believe that the bugle-call will be sounded far in advance of the herding of votes in November."

Milwaukee was more excited about the implications in the return of Mayor Hoan than in the national situation. Slender Daniel T. Hoan's long and energetic régime has carried his name far and wide.

The *Milwaukee Sentinel* hastened to broadcast that the emphatic vote which gave Mayor Hoan a much smaller majority than that which kept him in office four years ago has made it clear to the world that Milwaukee "does not crave the unhappy distinction of being known as the prize Socialist-radical city of the country."

"Some of the most conspicuous Socialist Aldermen were defeated," it records. "The new Common Council will be so strongly non-Socialist that Mr. Hoan will be tied hand and foot, so far as concerns his ability to secure such radical legislation as he has promoted."

The *Wisconsin News* attributed Mayor Hoan's return to office purely to his personal popularity, not to his Party.

"He stands amid the wreckage of his Party," the *Milwaukee Journal* gloated.

The Socialist *Milwaukee Leader* retorts:

"The biggest fact which sticks out from the recent campaign is that there are still many people here who can be fooled by lies, money, and the capitalist press, and who do not understand their own interests."

Brains, But Not a "Trust," for G.O.P.

College Professors' Group Will Tell "Whole Story" Behind New Deal

If "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery," as Charles Caleb Colton, nineteenth century writer, once remarked, the Republican Party has bestowed, however unwittingly, a graceful compliment on its Democratic opponent. It has organized a group to match the New Deal's Brain Trust.

Headed by Dr. Olin Glenn Saxon, short, stocky, soft-spoken Professor of Business Administration at Yale, the group of fifty-nine will be divided into six divisions.

"If this is a trust," said Doctor Saxon, "it is a common sense trust."

On no account is it to be dubbed a Brain Trust, snorts slim, ruddy-skinned National Committee Chairman Henry P. Fletcher, who declares that, notwithstanding its scent of campus ivy, it is nothing of the sort.

It will not, he explains, be "merely partisan," but will give "the whole story" of the Roosevelt Administration, will "expose its fallacies." Its official name is the Research Division of the Republican National Committee.

Chuckles and Cuffaws—Some Democrats chuckled up their sleeves, others guffawed openly. A rose by any other name! If this wasn't another Brain Trust, what was it? "Research Division!" Hoity-toity! And they harkened back to the days when Franklin D. Roosevelt was Governor of New York, just before the 1932 Convention.

At that time Raymond Moley, Professor of Public Law at Columbia University, was introduced to the Governor. Professor Moley became the Presidential aspirant's trusted adviser, and brought Rexford Guy Tugwell, Columbia Professor of Economics, into the fold. Doctor Tugwell brought A. A. Berle, Jr., another pedagog from Morningside Heights.

After the convention these men organized the Roosevelt Business and Professional Men's League. Doctor Moley became head of its "Research Division," or Advisory Council, as Mr. Roosevelt termed it.

Label Sticks—On Labor Day, 1932, James Kieran, of the *New York Times*, like other reporters at a loss for what to call the Roosevelt group, suggested Brains' Trust. Shortened to Brain Trust, the label stuck.

Soon it was applied to every expert, professorial or not, who frequented the White House. Some, like Hugh S. Johnson, Bernard M. Baruch, Felix Frankfurter, Henry A. Wallace, Lewis W. Douglas, and Tugwell were destined to achieve political prominence. Moley, Johnson, Baruch, Douglas, and many others later quit the Brain Trust, presumably because they disagreed with the President's policies.

The six sections of the new Republican Research Division are in charge of the following:

Taxes and Government Finance—Charles J. Bullock, Professor of Economics, Emeritus, Harvard.

Political Economy—T. N. Carver, Professor of Political Economy, Emeritus, Harvard.

Agriculture—Asher Hobson, head of the De-



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Heads Republican group of fifty-nine: Dr. Olin G. Saxon, investigator of the New Deal

partment of Agricultural Economics, University of Wisconsin.

Statistics—Rufus S. Tucker, former instructor in economics at Michigan, Harvard, and Columbia and recently with Brookings Institute and Twentieth Century Fund.

Banking and Currency—Frederick A. Bradford, Professor of Economics, Lehigh University.

Social Security and Labor—Niles W. Carpenter, Professor of Sociology, University of Buffalo.

V. O. Watts, Professor of Economics at Antioch College, will assist Professor Carver, and Frank H. Cane, instructor in economics and finance at Northwestern, will help Professor Bradford.

Concluding his description of these men, Chairman Fletcher said: "It is not a group of politically ambitious college professors with preconceived ideas, who look forward to getting on the Federal pay-roll in the hope they can reform the universe."

That mention of "pay-roll" brings a twinge of jealousy to many an original Brain Truster. Mr. Roosevelt's Economic Council worked long hours, without remuneration. Each of the Republican Researchers will get not less than \$200 a week.

Bankers Ordered to Trial

Last week millions of Americans hurried through lunch on pay-day, trotted to some bank, deposited something against the rainy day. They had done the same thing the week before, and the week before that.

Most of them doubtless recalled, a little vaguely, that there had been a bank panic three years before, that it had something to

do with Detroit. Few could have named the men who were responsible or said whether any of them went to jail.

In March, 1933, two billion-dollar chain banking institutions, largest in Detroit, crashed. Panic-stricken faces greeted the new President in Washington. Within a month 18,000 banks from Bangor to San Diego had closed. Meanwhile the Federal courts in Michigan indicted thirty-four Detroit bank directors. Three of the thirty-four were brought to trial, acquitted of some of the charges against them. A long silence of apparent inactivity followed.

Then some one discovered that city funds, in the National Bank of Detroit, were short \$349,000. Harry M. Tyler, Assistant City Budget Director, was found dead, a bullet through his brain. Mayor Frank Couzens ordered a house-cleaning.

U. S. Not Asleep—Matter of fact, the United States Government had not been sleeping on the case these three years. No sooner had the thirty-four Detroit bankers been indicted than the Department of Justice, wishing a judge from outside to conduct the trial, suggested that one of the three Detroit judges accept a temporary appointment elsewhere. All demurred.

One, indeed, decided to hear the cases himself. He heard three, which resulted in the acquittals. The Government appealed to the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals, in Cincinnati, citing thirty errors in the Judge's charge to the jury. The Court upheld an affidavit of prejudice against the Judge. He appealed to the United States Supreme Court, which refused to review the case. Still he and his two colleagues, resenting the inference that they were not qualified to sit, refused to step aside. The Government was stymied.

But not for long. Unobtrusively, Congress last year created a new Federal bench for Michigan. A few weeks ago President Roosevelt appointed Arthur F. Lederle to it. Judge Lederle declined to hear the cases.

Judge Steps Aside—Judge Lederle would, however, do what his three colleagues had refused to do: step aside to permit a Judge from outside to hear the cases. The Department of Justice appealed to Chief Justice Hughes. Justice Hughes used his authority to supersede a Federal Judge, sent Justice Patrick T. Stone of Wisconsin to clean up the mess. Result: Attorney General Homer S. Cummings last week promised to have the trials resumed by May 1.

Meanwhile other Federal men dug up James J. O'Shea, Vice-President of the National Bank of Detroit, and sent him to jail. He was convicted of larceny in 1923, of mail fraud in 1925.

Not satisfied, the Federal men continued to root through city records. Mayor Couzens said he would investigate every last city employee to see if he was living beyond his means.

"This is Detroit's wash-day," he told startled underlings. "If you have any dirty linen in your departments, now is the time to bring it out."

In Washington, Mr. Cummings prepared to furnish the soap—not soft.

Senate, Sitting as Court, Tries Judge

Florida Jurist Denies Charges; Press Debates Impeachment System

Representatives Sam Hobbs, Randolph Perkins, and Hatton W. Sumners filed stiffly down the center aisle of the Senate Chamber at noon one day last week, nodded curtly to Vice President Garner, and took seats at a table to the left of the dais.

They had been selected by the House of Representatives as "managers" of the Senate's thirteenth impeachment trial in 137 years. It was their task to prove that Halsted L. Ritter, Federal Judge for the Southern District of Florida, was guilty of "high crimes and misdemeanors in office."

To convict or vindicate Ritter, the Senate had grudgingly agreed to shut off its legislative machinery and go on jury duty in a trial that was likely to cost the Government \$25,000. The white-haired jurist, dressed neatly in a light gray suit and black bow-tie, sat with his attorneys at a table to the right of the dais. Small comfort to him was the fact that a President, Andrew Johnson; a Secretary of War, William K. Belknap, in Grant's second Administration; and a handful of Federal judges had preceded him in that particular spot.

Editorial Attacks—Small comfort, too, were the editorial attacks on the whole system of impeachment proceedings that his trial had occasioned. Typical of these jabs was comment by the *Philadelphia Record*: "The trial . . . focuses public attention upon the futility of impeachment proceedings generally as a check upon either the abuse of power or actual corruption in the judiciary. . . ."

The Record feels impeachment has proved "a weak reed," perhaps because a two-thirds vote is required in the Senate, adds that "some change is obviously needed."

The New Orleans *Times-Picayune* rises to the defense of impeachment with: "The impeachment process naturally is cumbersome, and that may help to explain its infrequent use. The House has been asked to vote impeachments thirty-eight times, but refused in twenty-five cases. The Senate has voted only three convictions."

The *Wichita Eagle* adds: "Greater interest attaches to the trial because it may reflect some of the recent agitation over the plenary power of the Federal judiciary."

There was evidence last week that the Senate was taking its job "more seriously, more diligently."

Fifty to seventy Senators were on hand every day, as compared to the six or ten that listened to the testimony in the trial of Judge Louderback in 1933.

Core of Charges—The core of the articles of impeachment voted a month ago by the House of Representatives is the charge that Ritter set up an exorbitant receivership for his close friend and former law partner, A. L. Rankin, and received "corruptly" from Rankin later on \$4,500.

Two weeks later two additional charges were made: that Ritter had evaded income tax charges in 1929 and 1930, and that he had violated the Judicial Code by practicing law while on the bench. In a 12,000-word reply and in his testimony, the jurist denied every charge. His sister, Mary Beard, the historian, backed him up stoutly by declaring that the whole case was a frame-up.

Rankin, the first witness, testified that on the day he received an advance of \$25,000 on the \$75,000 receivership which Judge Ritter had approved for him, he went to Ritter's rooms in Miami and gave him a

part payment of \$2,500 in cash. This, he declared, substantiating Ritter's statement, was "in settlement of an honest debt" that he had contracted during the days of the Rankin-Ritter law partnership.

States Urging Their Rights

While cries ring out that the New Deal will end by centralizing all power in the Federal Government, the Commissioners on Interstate Cooperation, meeting this week for their second General Assembly in Chicago, are indicating that the States may be able to take care of themselves.

The Council of State Governments, sponsoring the Assembly, brings together prominent State Government leaders. State problems are outlined and discussed in relation to those of other States.

Any number of delegates may attend the Council Assembly. Last year forty-two States were represented with 157 delegates.

Problems of crime, traffic, police, water-pollution, and taxation are discussed. This year transients and their relation to State and local relief Administration are under discussion.

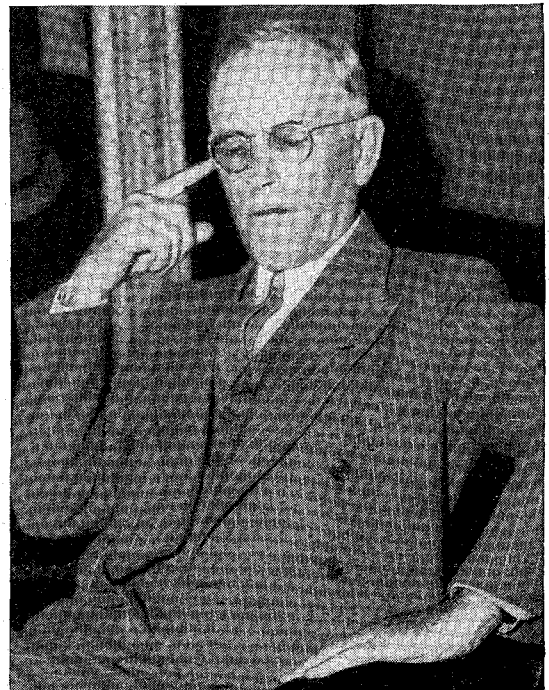
Inception of Council—The Council of State Governments grew out of the American Legislators' Association, which was formed by State Senator Henry W. Toll of Colorado soon after the War. Mr. Toll wanted to make it easier for State Senators to obtain information about State problems.

State legislators met biennially, the Association grew, set up an information bureau for legislators.

Last year legislators and administrators met and formed the Council. Permanent commissions on interstate cooperation were suggested. New Jersey established the first Commission by State legislation. Now there are twenty-six, working in cooperation with the Council.



Acme



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The trunks will stay locked: Federal Judge Halsted L. Ritter looks at two boxes of evidence ruled out of his Senate impeachment trial; meanwhile, recalls A. L. Rankin (right), the \$4,500 he gave Ritter was not a bribe, but payment of an "honest debt"

Security Plan for Transport Workers

Eastman's Unemployment Compensation Bill Is Fruit of 17 Years

A broad-shouldered man with blue eyes, a round face, and a quick smile dropped into Congress's lap last week a plan that promises to give both Houses plenty of work.

The man was Joseph B. Eastman, Transportation Coordinator. The plan was his unemployment compensation program for 1,564,000 workers in the rail, motor, water, and air transportation industries. It was the fruit of his labor after fourteen years as a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission, and three years as Coordinator.

Opinions began clashing as soon as the program was made public. Rail executives, for the most part, withheld statements until they had had a chance to study it carefully. But some of the leaders of the 1,150,000 rail workers affected, of whom perhaps 200,000 face loss of their jobs by consolidations and unifications, were not so reticent. Their first reactions to the plan showed conflicting views.

"Eastman's unemployment compensation program is only a dole and, accordingly, is un-American," declared A. F. Whitney, President of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen.

"American railway workers want jobs with good wages, not doles for idleness. Dismissal wages are bribes to induce workers to surrender their jobs."

National Basis—Other rail leaders, however, believed that amendments to the program would make it satisfactory.

Drafted after months of study, the Eastman plan, "a sequel to the Social Security Act," would place unemployment in transportation industries on a national, rather than a State, basis. As the Associated Press further explains:

"Funds for the program would be provided through levies on the carriers of 1 per cent. in 1936, 2 per cent. in 1937, and 3 per cent. in 1938 and thereafter. These are the same as those fixed in the security law. Benefit payments would be based on wage losses. A worker who was totally unemployed could draw benefits equal to 50 per cent. of his 'average' earnings up to a maximum of \$75 a month.

"By adoption of the wage-loss principle, the plan would allow a part-time worker certain benefits based on a mathematical formula. A transportation employee who normally earned \$100, for instance, and whose earnings were reduced by part-time to \$40 a month, would receive \$25 under the program."

Administrative Board—Administration would be by a Division of Transportation Unemployment Compensation in the Social Security Board, which would be empowered to open employment offices for transportation workers. An advisory board would include representatives of employers and employees.

In his criticism of the program, Mr. Whitney said that he opposed railroad consolidations and added that "if we will cease



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Coordinator Joseph B. Eastman: to Congress his plan will give plenty of work

the stupidity of poverty amidst plenty we shall need more rather than less railroad transportation service."

Other Criticism—Some of the other opinions also were critical.

On the basis of press reports, T. C. Cashen, President of the International Switchmen's Union, says that the Eastman bill "does not appear to furnish adequate protection for railroad workers where consolidations are effected."

Speaking as President of the Order of Railway Conductors of America, J. A. Phillips says that his organization considers Mr. Eastman's program as "inadequate because it immediately destroys the economic status of all employees forced into retirement thereunder without regard to individual obligations or physical condition."

He does not consider the plan "is economically sound, notwithstanding the savings which might be made to the industry itself."

Different View—But George M. Harrison, Grand President of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks and head of the Railway Labor Executives Association, representing twenty-one rail-labor organizations, took a somewhat different view. He indorsed the plan for a national unemployment compensation measure. Altho considering "the measure of benefits" proposed as inadequate, he indicated confidence that the bill could be "liberalized to such an extent as may be necessary to meet the problem of unemployment."

Mr. Harrison issued his statement in New

York City shortly after a committee representing the rail-labor executives and a committee representing railroad managements, announced a breakdown in their negotiations for an agreement about employees displaced by consolidations.

Criticism from another angle came in the form of a statement by Fred W. Sargent, President of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway Company.

"It is not clear to me," he says, "just why Mr. Eastman believes that railroads and their employees should be singled out for special treatment as distinguished from the general application of the security law."

The same point is made by the *Chicago Journal of Commerce*, which can not understand "why the railroads and other carriers should be expected to maintain a social-security program of their own, when general social security has been legislated for all American industry."

Women vs. Men

Last week the war between men and women was fed by the flames of three electoral battles on America's Western Front. In Missouri, Colorado, and New Mexico, ballots were the bullets. Score: Women 2; men 1.

Election day was ladies' day in Green Top, Missouri. Its 268 citizens voted the straight feminine ticket into office.

"We will strive to handle the business of the town to the very best of our ability," says jubilant Mrs. Edith L. Pearce, Mayor-elect. Not quite ready to dispense with the male, she adds . . . "with the united support of the loyal citizens. May we continue with our motto of the past: 'Green Top—the Biggest Little Town in the State of Missouri.'"

In the little cow town of Rifle, Colorado, the men had to chuck party affiliations and unite to defeat the women's ticket.

Joyous Male Winner—"The West was built by men and has been governed by men," declares Mayor-elect Frank W. Rogers. "The election vindicates our belief that the taxpayers of the West want men to handle their governmental affairs."

But in Des Moines, New Mexico, only one man survived the Charge of the Ladies, and he by the skin of his teeth.

"Something had to be done if Des Moines was a fit place to raise our children," said the triumphant Mayor-elect, Mrs. W. T. Crater. She plans "to serve the best interest of all the people and try to keep that element in check which would, if left unchecked, drag many of our boys and girls down to ruin. We hope that what we shall have accomplished in office will serve as an incentive for similar action elsewhere.

"It is our belief that our country needs to-day as never before more Christian women active in politics . . . more rigid enforcement of laws . . . less corruption . . . less wanton extravagance of the taxpayer's money."

By and large, in all three elections, the wider issues were subordinated to the oldest issue since Eve handed Adam an apple: man vs. woman.

Keeping Lottery Kitty at U.S. Fireside

Post Office Department Investigates Projects to Hold Money at Home



Wide World



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Alfred E. Smith, Jr., and Mrs. Oliver Harriman: both want to keep U. S. money at home

Those who would like to win \$25,000 or more on a \$1 or \$2 lottery ticket, and those who wouldn't think of gambling, both found interest last week in the Post Office Department's investigation of two New York City "contests" upon which the Government had turned a suspicious eye.

They were the Golden Stakes, a cartoon-title contest sponsored by the Golden Stakes Advertising Corporation, of which Alfred E. Smith, Jr., is Vice-President and General Counsel, and the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries, headed by the socially prominent Mrs. Oliver Harriman.

Both organizations were cited to show cause why they should not be barred from using the mails for conducting lotteries.

Orders Issued—A few days later promoters of the Grand National Treasure Hunt, a \$100,000 cartoon-title contest, were barred from using the mails under a fraud order issued by Acting Postmaster General W. W. Howes.

He held that violations of the postal fraud and lottery laws had been proved against the Treasure Hunt and its affiliate, the Association for Legalizing American Lotteries, headed by Maj. Thomas G. Lanphier, of New York.

The two organizations immediately applied for an injunction to prevent enforcement of the order. They maintained that their enterprise was not a lottery.

As the Post Office inquiry began, editors found it an interesting aftermath of the clamor to legalize lotteries which burst forth in 1930 when the rich prizes of the first Irish Free States Hospitals Sweepstake and its kitty caught the world's imagination.

There have been seventeen sweeps since then, and each has been followed by agita-

tion to legalize lotteries here and "keep American money at home."

How much might be realized in an American lottery, sponsors of the idea can not estimate, but the total gross receipts of the Irish sweeps have risen to \$233,457,000. These figures are supplied by Westbrook Pegler, columnist for the Scripps-Howard newspapers, who, in a dispatch from London, tells about workings of the great lottery.

Tax Drive Started—"From this awe-inspiring sum," Mr. Pegler says, "a fund of \$46,179,000 has been allotted to the fifty hospitals of the Irish Free State, but a few years ago the Government stepped in to collect a tax on the hospitals' share of the money and to assert a supervising authority over the hospitals' fund."

Admittedly, much of this money came from America, a point cited by the National Conference on Legalizing Lotteries. But Mrs. Harriman insisted that her organization's enterprise, with a first prize of \$20,000, was a contest of skill and not a lottery.

She did not testify at the hearings before Solicitor Karl A. Crowley of the Post Office Department.

The same general defense of Golden Stakes was made by Mr. Smith and his associates. Mr. Smith revealed he received a salary of \$4,200.

Solicitor Crowley ordered counsel for both organizations to file briefs.

"How have these devices for extracting dimes or dollars from the unwary secured the sponsorship of people who value their place in society?" asks the St. Louis *Star-Times*. It blames the Post Office Department for laxity and says that Postmaster General Farley "let an impression get

abroad that anybody might get into this business without getting his fingers burned.

"Now the heat is on, and some highly respectable hands need bandages."

But "why hound Mrs. Harriman?" asks the New York *Daily News*. "Why not legalize lotteries?" It expresses the hope that "lotteries do come back in this country—lotteries run by government agencies, with the profits to go to relief of one kind and another."

Interior's New Home

At a press conference in his gloomy office in the Department of the Interior one day last January, Secretary Harold L. Ickes pulled deeply through his bone cigarette-holder, dropped his head backward, and sent up a cloud of smoke drifting toward the ceiling.

In a casual tone he remarked that if the Government did not find more office space in Washington soon, some of the departments might have to hunt for quarters in Baltimore or Philadelphia.

The fifteen or twenty reporters present scratched rapidly with their pencils, grabbed their hats, and rushed from the room to send this front-page news streaking across the country.

The testy Secretary's remark became grist for the Republican campaign mill. For months anti-New Deal writers and orators had been hammering at the spread of the "alphabet bureaus" through Washington hotels, homes, and apartment buildings.

This week they had another excuse for fortissimo pounding on one of their favorite themes. With the trowel that George Washington used in laying the cornerstone of the Capitol Building in 1793, President Roosevelt went through the same ceremony for a new Interior Building.

In its new quarters, Ickes's Department should have ample room to stretch its legs. The building will dominate the "North-west Rectangle," the group of government buildings and parks long planned.

Most Government buildings follow the same general plan, a long, central block intersected by cross-wings. The new building will be no exception to this rule, but while its central portion will be eight stories high, its six cross-wings will have only seven floors.

Plenty of Room—Two blocks long, with a mile of corridor space for each block, the new home of the Interior Department should have room enough for the scores of filing cases, desks, and tables that have cluttered up the halls of the old building.

Beauty will be obtained through massing and proportion rather than by resort to ornate columns and carved details.

The \$12,000,000 structure will be completed next December. Washington correspondents are offering odds of ten to one that when Mr. Ickes walks through the tunnel that will connect the new and old buildings, he will be preceded by workmen carrying the same ornate totem-poles and Indian rugs that decorate the entrance to the office he now occupies.

Topics in Brief

REPORTS from the West are that the wheat looks fine as it goes flying past.—*Topeka State Journal*.

WITH reference to that watch on the Rhine, sooner or later somebody's going to get the works.—*St. Louis Star-Times*.

THE average American is one who phones in a dozen votes for radio amateurs each week and then forgets to register for election day.—*Life*.

It isn't that Germany doesn't believe in treaties. Whenever she tears up one, she invariably offers another to take its place.—*Atlanta Journal*.

MORE than \$4,000,000,000 has been spent for radios in the United States and for that price the public at least has learned about coffee.—*Louisville Times*.

A REPORT on progress in the Dionne nursery says the girls are acquiring judgment of their own. Look out any day for a three-to-two decision.—*Portland Oregonian*.

THE social security act won't apply to a plant that has less than eight employees. We don't think much of the security of that eighth fellow.—*American Lumberman*.

THE citizens of Alberta didn't get the \$25-a-month allowance they were promised, but the Government hasn't forgotten them. It has enacted instead a 2 per cent. sales tax.—*Troy Record*.

MR. TALMADGE seems bent on getting into the White House even tho he has to enter by the billingsgate.—*Charlotte Observer*.

KING EDWARD has asked England to set aside a sum of money for a wife, in case he shall marry. Would you call this the King's hope-chest?—*Albany Knickerbocker Press*.

FORTY-FOUR members of Congress gave as much as \$1 each to rehabilitate a distressed family of eight. You see how it is when it's their own money.—*Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*.

THE fall in the Italian birth-rate is easy to account for. What's the use of getting married when you have to give Mussolini your wedding-ring?—*F. P. A. in New York Herald Tribune*.

AT seventy-nine, says a publicist, Bernard Shaw has the iconoclastic point of view of a sophomore. We shall have to be patient: one is only young twice.—*Detroit News*.

THERE can be no doubt that the case of the West Virginia girl who laughed for seven days at nothing is most unusual. Why, even the audiences in radio studios can only do this in relatively short spasms.—*Boston Herald*.

THE investigation committee at Washington is spending the last of its \$750,000 and has already discovered that the American Telephone & Telegraph Company is a big business.—*Dallas Morning News*.

...HEARST's mark of approval on the Landon boom is generally regarded as another case of painting a Red Cross on an Ethiopian roof.—*Barron's*.

GLASS which bends but will not break is ready for the market. It is not, however, to be confused with the inflexible, or Virginian, Glass.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

A HUNDRED-YEAR-OLD Indiana woman has just died without ever having seen a train. Some of the men in the railroad business right now doubtless wish they could say the same.—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

CHARLES WAKEFIELD CADMAN's prediction that the United States will produce more good music in the future than Europe is not profound. Europe, from the look of things, will confine itself to military marches.—*Cleveland Plain-Dealer*.

PROF. Josephine L. Rathbone of Teachers College thinks people ought to relax more, and one of her rules is: "Delegate as much of your office work and worries as possible to your subordinates." But what if they relax right back at you?—*Howard Brubaker in The New Yorker*.

MR. ROOSEVELT told the reporters at Nassau that he had captured a "twenty-seven-pound mystery fish" which he had placed on ice and was taking back to Washington to have the Smithsonian Institution experts identify.

Which prompts Floyd Nixon to gallop up from the art department with the real answer. Ses he:

"It's a New Deal flounder."—*Malcolm W. Bingay in Detroit Free Press*.



Some Flying Notes of Disapproval in the Air
—Duffy in the Baltimore Sun



Another William Tell
—Elderman in the Washington Post

Nile and Rhine: Diplomatic Jigsaw

"Battle of Peace Plans" Focuses Attention of European Press



Acme



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Peace plans come, peace plans go, but civilians in England (left), France (right), and other European countries continue to drill in preparation for war

His personal dossiers on Rhine and Ethiopian crises carefully separated, Anthony Eden, Britain's dapper, thirty-nine-year-old Foreign Secretary, grabbed a brief-case and scurried down to Geneva early last week.

There, two groups, upon which the peace of Europe depended, awaited him: In the old disarmament building, the League of Nations' Committee of Thirteen, meeting to seek peace between Italy and Ethiopia; in the new \$10,000,000 League Palace, holding its first international sitting, the Locarno Powers, meeting to discuss Germany's remilitarization of the Rhineland.

Problem for Eden—Eden's problem was to keep the issues of the two parleys separate, if possible.

Before the week was over, both issues and parleys got tangled in a bewildering diplomatic jigsaw puzzle.

The puzzle: How to keep the Rhine pieces out of the Nile and the Nile pieces out of the Rhine.

Italy threatens the Nile, vital to Britain's Empire, by invasion of Ethiopia. Eden therefore wants to halt her by stiffer sanctions. France, anxious to keep Italy a weight against Germany in Central Europe, opposes new sanctions.

Germany threatens the Rhine, vital to French defense. France therefore wants her pushed back to a safer zone. Britain, anxious to keep France's friendship, wants to compromise with Germany in hope of effecting a brand New Peace Deal for all of Europe.

Dazed Diplomats—Dazed by these complications, perspiring diplomats closed their meetings and rushed home for Easter, with little more than these technical results to show for their labors:

The Committee of Thirteen asked Premier Benito Mussolini of Italy to send peace

emissaries to Geneva this week; the Locarno Powers sent a smooth note to Germany and decided to continue private negotiations with the treaty-breaker.

Behind them, the frock-coated envoys left, for League perusal, two solid peace plans to settle Europe's crisis: one from Germany, one from France.

German Proposals—The German plan was submitted to Britain on April 1, a counter proposal to one offered by the Locarno Powers. Its chief points:

A twenty-five-year non-aggression pact with France and Belgium, with Britain and Italy as guarantor powers; a four-months' truce for negotiations, with a pledge not to increase Rhineland garrisons, provided France and Belgium made the same pledges; reentry of Germany into the League; regional pacts of assistance among nations; equal rights to colonies.

French Program—France forthwith presented its own scheme:

A European Super-State within the framework of the League to supervise treaty revisions and armaments with an international police to enforce decisions; equality of rights and respect for promises; obligatory and guaranteed international law; no domination by any Power, but collective or regional pacts of assistance; no territorial changes during the twenty-five years' peace proposed by Adolf Hitler, Chancellor of Germany.

Young Mr. Eden's bubbling energy was not spent during the week in weighing the advantages against the faults of this scheme but in bedeviling a Frenchman whose beanstalk height earns him the sobriquet of "Gratte-Ciel" (sky-scraper) at home.

Pierre-Etienne Flandin, six-foot-six Foreign Minister of France, likes to hunt and speak English when in England. Last week

he showed he could do both just as well in Geneva.

Eden's difficulty was in getting the big, loose-boned Flandin to yield a diplomatic inch. The Briton wanted to use it to drive a wedge for conciliatory exploration of Germany's peace proposals.

Badgering of Eden—Flandin's technique was the badgering of Eden [in English] into letting him take a pot-shot at Chancellor Hitler. The fight was hot and secretaries got cynical watching it.

In the end, out of a maze of diplomatic sleight of hand, Eden got his inch and Flandin his pot-shot.

To cap their talks, the Locarno Powers had agreed that Hitler's peace plan did not reestablish confidence necessary for re-opening new treaty negotiations. In addition, Eden promised Flandin to worm information out of the Reichsfuehrer on some of his vaguest proposals.

In happy mood, Flandin seemed less punitive about Germany. The important thing now, he informed newspaper men, was fortifications, the building of which would violate Article 42 of the Versailles Treaty.

"In such a case," Flandin said, "it is not so certain that we shall act as we did the first time."

In this spirit he hastened off to Romanesque Dijon for Easter services and a speech or two to bolster his Party in the French general elections next week.

Tho the Locarno Powers (Britain, France, Belgium, Italy, with violator Germany absent) meet again May 15, they agreed to convene immediately if Hitler starts fortifications.

General Staff Watch-Dogs—Acting as watch-dogs will be the General Staffs of Britain, France, and Belgium, which began conferences in London this week.

Across the storied Rhine, fortified as far back as Roman days, Hitler took an amused interest in the Geneva proceedings while he cast glances at the French peace plan and its accompanying memorandum condemning his scheme.

Down official channels he let seep to the foreign press the observations that the French proposals were based on reactionary principles "smacking of Versailles," replete with "patched up projects" long ago discarded as impracticable.

Chuckle for Hitler—Over the fact that France no longer insisted upon retaliation, Hitler got a hearty chuckle, then expressed a hope that Britain would dump the whole plan out the official window.

As if nothing had happened, he poured more troops into the Rhineland Zone and decided to stand pat on fortifications, reported to be already under way in a disguised form.

Like many another European, Hitler knew that the beginning of the end of the Versailles Treaty epoch was at hand. By her own plan France was clearing the way for the doom of that document.

Press Opinion—All over Europe the French proposals, therefore, were avidly

digested. Cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST was the following press comment:

England—*The Daily Telegraph*, London: "The French proposals in part are wholly impracticable."

The Times, London: "Europe can hardly be described as ripe or ready for the large renunciations of sovereignty to be demanded."

The London *Daily Herald*: "Just as it is legitimate to ask Hitler to reconcile his peace plan with 'Mein Kampf' [Hitler's book, 'My Battle'] and with his theory of 'higher justice' which transcends treaty obligations, so it is permissible to ask the French a very straight question as to how they propose to apply the admirable principles of their document to the Italo-Ethiopian War."

The News Chronicle, London: "In its essence it appears an attempt to secure that existing political conditions in Europe shall be maintained unchanged for a quarter-century without the possibility of even peaceful revision."

Irish Free State—*The Evening Herald*, Dublin: "France, in reply to Germany, desires peace; lasting peace, with equality rights, a happy peace founded on international exchange which would succeed the mortal rivalry of economic nationalism."

France—*Le Temps*, Paris (semiofficial): "What can not be contested is that the French plan . . . opens the door to vast negotiation of an ensemble from which no Power would be excluded and which, taking place entirely within the framework of the League of Nations, furnishes infinitely more precise and surer bases of discussion than vague propositions . . . by Berlin."

Intransigent, Paris: "There is only one question—the Rhine. The Italians seem to be drawing toward Germany. Hitler will have succeeded in separating us from England and Italy."

L'Echo de Paris (Pertinax): "It simply marks an attempt of the French Government to counteract with peaceful ideology Berlin's warlike ideology."

Russia—*Izvestia*, Moscow: "The French plan is proof that France wants to organize European peace on a basis of equality of nations and a destruction of World War consequences."

Germany—*Berliner Tageblatt* (Berlin): "French policy goes forward without wavering on the road to further military organization of Europe."

Frankfurter Zeitung, Frankfurt: "While such methods may be France's prerogative, it remains to be seen whether a new European order can be reared on a foundation resting on mistrust and suspicion."

Berliner Boersenzeitung, und Boersen-Courier, Berlin: "France desires in every way to have her hand at Germany's throat."

Voelkischer Beobachter, Berlin (official Nazi Party organ): "Many words with little sense."

Diplomatische Korrespondenz (semiofficial), Berlin: "Both [the French and German] plans are projects that involve not only these two nations. Europe must respond to them. Europe has the floor."

Bluff and Luck in Ethiopian Venture

Italians Rush Invasion in Face of Oncoming Rains and Geneva Threats



Wide World

Mussolini: "They must be annihilated!"

Haile Selassie: "We will continue to fight until the last invader is driven out"

Good luck and bluff often get Benito Mussolini out of tight places at Europe's council-tables. Last week he needed both.

In Ethiopia, his invading armies were racing for complete victory before the rains set in, and he needed luck. In Geneva, Britain was turning the sanctions screw against him, and he needed bluff.

Six weeks ago the League of Nations gave him a week to choose between peace or an oil sanction. He begrudgingly accepted the former "in principle."

Last week, as the League called him to the table to see his terms, he addressed his Cabinet:

"The superb victories of our soldiers, in particular the victory at Lake Ashangi over the Negus's troops, instructed, equipped, and armed by Europeans, bring home to Italy a realization of the primary object for which we had to resort to arms after the mobilization of Ethiopian forces.

"That is, security for our colonies. That security will be fully achieved with total annihilation of the Ethiopian military formations, annihilation which can not be lacking or delayed."

Cold-Eyed Aloisi—When Salvador de Madariaga, Chairman of the League Committee of Thirteen charged with the peace *pourparlers*, learned of this, he called upon Baron Pompeo Aloisi, Il Duce's cold-eyed delegate. Said Baron Aloisi:

"I have not come here to talk peace. I have come to attend the meeting of the Locarno Powers."

Aloisi became so evasive that Senor de Madariaga departed completely befuddled. He knew Il Duce was up to something and it didn't take his experts long to find out.

With victory after victory, Mussolini was driving deeper and deeper into Ethiopia, favored by fair weather. An

armistice was the last thing he could wish at the moment.

"Italy, while refusing an armistice so long as the weather allows her offensive to continue," explained Clarence K. Streit, New York *Times* correspondent in Geneva, "wants an armistice, it is understood, when the rainy season next month halts her mechanized army and gives the military advantage finally to Ethiopian guerrilla fighters.

"An armistice then would legalize Italy's necessary halt, allow her to consolidate the positions she gains in the remainder of the dry season, and protect during that season her exposed supply lines.

"An Ethiopian refusal to accept an armistice then might help her moral position with all those who did not realize the military considerations involved and give the French Government a pretext, perhaps, for raising sanctions.

"By agreeing to talk armistice terms now, Italy would give the French a pretext for refusing to push for action, and would keep Marshal Pietro Badoglio free to continue his offensive and prepare his armistice terms for use when he needed them."

Sanction Threat—Aware of such a plan, Anthony Eden, British Foreign Secretary, called Aloisi in and told him to have peace emissaries in Geneva this week or face a certain oil sanction.

In Ethiopia Italy freed all slaves in the occupied territory and Haile Selassie met poison gas bombs with:

"Thanks to God's aid we shall be able to defend ourselves, but because of the number of different fronts, every peasant, trader, and other citizen must take arms and be ready to lay down his life for Ethiopia. We will fight till the last invader is driven from the country."

"Iron Man" Sent North Plane, Not Olive-Colored Train, Takes Calles From Mexico

Disposing of former Presidents frequently has been a major problem in Mexico. On many occasions they were bundled aboard "*el tren olivo*"—the olive-colored Presidential special—out of the country.

Last week "*el tren olivo*" stood on its siding while ex-President Gen. Plutarco Elias Calles, "Iron Man of Mexico," was hustled to exile by air-plane. With him went his three principal advisers.

In the United States, General Calles will have time to reflect ruefully that for fifteen years he helped make and unmake Presidents in Mexico. In fact, it was his approval that placed his present enemy, Gen. Lázaro Cárdenas, in Chapultepec Palace, Presidential domicile on a hill over Mexico City.

Peon-Born—A peon boy, reared in poverty, General Calles educated himself, and, in 1910, joined the revolution against Francisco Madero. By 1920 his power as a military organizer made him the "Iron Man" of the Sonora triumvirate—consisting of Calles, Obregon, and Huerta—which for a number of years divided Presidential terms among themselves.

General Calles held office from 1924 to 1928. After Huerta staged an unsuccessful revolt against Obregon, and Obregon, in turn, was assassinated, Calles ruled alone. As Secretary of War, he remained the power behind a succession of Presidents.

Last June a rift developed between him and his most recent protégé, President Cárdenas. Observers say that the grim old warrior had moved to the Right, his young successor to the Left.

President Cárdenas, unlike others, balked at taking orders. By train, air-plane, and horse, he canvassed the country, invading Indian villages and farmsides, appealing directly to the people.

Farley's Shipmate—Abruptly, General Calles left the country. Mexicans speculated on whether General Calles was bidding for American support, when last August, he traveled to Honolulu on the same ship with Postmaster General Farley.

Last December, just as abruptly, the General came home. Trade-unions demonstrated against him, demanding expulsion. Peasant women captured the Calles ranch, moved in, and refused to be dislodged.

President Cárdenas, remaining calm, saw no reason why General Calles should not stay if he wanted to. General Calles, however, was ousted from the Revolutionary Party, which the Sonora Triumvirate founded.

Early last week, the Vera Cruz-Mexico City flyer roared over a bridge crossing a ravine. An explosion hurled it into the abyss, killing twelve. Left members of the Chamber of Deputies held General Calles responsible for the "bombing."

Seized at midnight in a surprise attack on his ranch, he was whisked off to Brownsville, Texas. With him out of the country, President Cárdenas breathed more easily.

Baldwin's Craft in "Bewildering Sea"

Resignation Reported Likely in Split of British Oldsters and Youngsters

More than any other living Englishman, Stanley Baldwin has for years inspired the confidence of his countrymen.

They like him because he has a genius for "muddling through," because he can't be hustled, and because, like a cat, he always manages to land on his feet.

For years they have watched him come and go in important government offices—stocky, placid, a humorous quirk to his mouth, his derby set on his hard, round head, his umbrella always ready.

Last week British newspapers reported that Prime Minister Baldwin may resign in May. He is sixty-eight years old and growing deaf.

Besides deafness and old age, opposition papers saw other reasons. To them Mr. Baldwin seemed "increasingly bewildered and uncertain" in the face of a sea of trouble which has arisen in Europe.

The "Old Harrovian"—With the accession of Hitler to German power, they felt, "a new manner of European statecraft" has emerged that "may be too much for this old Harrovian."

The split within his own Cabinet between the Youngsters and the Oldsters is no help to Mr. Baldwin's "bewilderment."

Heading the Youngsters are thirty-eight-year-old Anthony Eden, youngest Foreign Minister in nearly a century; and forty-six-year-old Alfred Duff Cooper, up-and-coming Minister of War.

Both are regarded as potential Prime Ministerial timber, with Mr. Eden the leading possibility. The latter's matinée idol elegance and impeccable manners give no indication of his mastery of League of Nations affairs or the brilliance with which he achieved his meteoric rise in British politics.

Among the Oldsters, closest to Mr. Baldwin stands his old friend and crony, Sir Samuel Hoare. At fifty-six, "Flying Sam"—he loves aviation, as well as ice-skating and tennis—is only temporarily on the shelf.

For years Stanley Baldwin groomed him carefully as successor. When Sir Samuel

steered the Indian Reform Bill through Parliament and advanced into the Foreign Office, the road seemed clear.

Then, over night, his career ran into trouble. A wave of public indignation over the Hoare-Laval plan for settling the Ethiopian war by ceding land to Italy washed him out of office.

Mentor to Youngsters—Between these factions, serving as mentor to the Youngsters, yet not unacceptable to the Oldsters, stands Neville Chamberlain, sixty-seven-year-old Chancellor of the Exchequer. Tho lacking the picturesqueness of his father, Joseph, who startled the world a generation ago with his monocle and his high tariff theories, Neville Chamberlain has his eye on the Prime Ministership which his father never attained.

Should he realize this ambition, old age would compel him soon to retire. The way would then be open for the Oldsters to boost Sir Samuel Hoare into the Prime Ministership, via the Exchequer's office.

Such a victory by the Old Guard would probably shunt young Mr. Eden into some such lesser post as the India Office. Already Viscount Halifax, fifty-five-year-old Lord Privy Seal, and Sir Robert Horne, sixty-five-year-old former Chancellor of the Exchequer, are mentioned for his place in the Foreign Office.

But age is not the only point of difference between these warring camps. Since the Rhineland dispute, the Youngsters have leaned toward "collective security" with France, the Oldsters toward friendly compromise with Hitler.

Last week two events made Britons chalk up a victory for the anti-German Youngsters:

1. The Government's Blue Book appeared, contending that Hitler "evaded" peace proposals both in the Far East and in Europe.

2. Simultaneously, two Government officials went stumping in the Provinces to "offset German propaganda."



Keystone



Keystone



Wide World

Two oldsters, one youngster involved in the British Cabinet split: (left to right) Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin, Sir Samuel ("Flying Sam") Hoare, and Alfred Duff Cooper

From Jail to Rule in Spain—Then Out

Zamora, Suspected of Playing King Too Much, Ousted by Cortes



Keystone



Underwood

Hailed five years ago as Spain's first President, Niceto Alcalá Zamora has been ousted; Diego Martínez Barrio (right) is his provisional successor

Five years ago last week, Niceto Alcalá Zamora stepped from a tiny, white-washed cell in Madrid to a pink and gold suite of the Royal Palace as President of the Second Spanish Republic.

A former monarchist, deserting the sinking régime, he had been clapped in jail by Alfonso for drumming up the Republic.

Undeterred, he directed his followers from behind bars and won the ordinarily unimportant municipal elections.

Then, with nothing more than the moral force of the result, Zamora boldly ordered his royal jailer out of the country. Alfonso sensed the electoral significance and fled.

Bland Country Squire—A short, bland country squire and lawyer, with fuzzy white hair and dark skin, from sun-drenched Andalusia, Zamora seemed ideal for President.

For thirty years he had been a pillar of personal and political respectability. He was a devout Catholic, a broad liberal, a tried and trusted ex-Crown Minister. And his flashing, infectious smile and silvery voice made him a catch of the masses.

But the pomp and panoply of state soon tingled Zamora's Moorish blood; he liked the twenty-one-gun salutes, the acclaim of the boulevards, the royal monogrammed silver plate, the breastplated and helmeted cuirassiers trotting behind his carriage.

Watching him, Spaniards wondered whether he were not playing king too much.

Finally, the Left accused him of seeking to sabotage the republican revolution and of trying to convert the State into an instrument of his own.

Last week, the new Cortes, in a splutter-

ing rage, turned the fifty-nine-year-old Father of the Republic out of office. His term had a year and eight months to run.

Diego Martínez Barrio, speaker of the Cortes, a former linotype operator, automatically became President and stood a good chance to win the regular election for the office.

Zamora was removed on a Socialist motion supported by the two Republican parties in power as well as other groups of the "Popular Front," which swamped the February 16 elections.

The technical ground for removal was a constitutional clause which allows the President to dissolve the Cortes twice during office, but provides he loses his job if the second dissolution is later voted unjustified.

Leftists' Grudge—The Leftists' grudge goes back to 1933, when Zamora dissolved the first Cortes of the Republic. A Right Wing government came to power and ruthlessly suppressed them in Asturias and Catalonia.

The severity of this suppression turned the country back to the Left. Last December Leftists, fearing a Right dictatorship, demanded and got Zamora to dissolve the Parliament.

Zamora listened over the radio as the Cortes decided his fate.

The next day moderate minds revolted at the hasty and unceremonious action of the Cortes.

José María Gil Robles, Catholic Action leader, warned it might mean the end of the Republic.

Count Romanones, influential monarchist in Alfonso's Government, called it "political parricide."

Dueling Premier

Goemboes and Hungarian Critic Miss Each Other With Bullets

Budding European dictators have a way of smoke-screening their ambitions.

Gen. Julius Goemboes, Hungary's big, bluff Prime Minister, does not. Italophile and Germanophile, with Mephisto-arched eyebrows and thinning hair, he is an above-board fascist.

His hunger for fame and a rôle in history may date from a repressed War career. He wanted to command an Austro-Hungarian division. Mostly, he sat in a captain's chair on the General Staff.

When the White Terror followed the Hapsburgs' collapse, Goemboes galloped with the ill-starred Count Michael Karolyi, who set up a radical Provisional Government. Then he ran roughshod over Bela Kun, whose communist régime also was short-lived. He barred the way to Kaiser Karl, back to collar his throne.

Doddering Regent—Broad-shouldered, youngish, Goemboes looked like a strong man. Friends titled him *vezér*, or leader; foes dubbed him "Goemboelini," after Il Duce, newly-risen to power in Italy.

In 1932, hard work and an agile brain put him in the Prime Minister's Palace on Castle Hill, Budapest, at forty-six, ruling at the side of the doddering Regent, Admiral Nicholas Horthy.

Regent Horthy is seventy-eight. What will happen when he goes is not discussed openly in Hungarian politics. Privately, people think the question is answered in Goemboes' ambitions.

Last January these thoughts broke into the open. Dr. Tibor Eckhardt, long a friend of Goemboes, demanded appointment of a Deputy Regent. He pointed out that under the law the Regency and Premiership could be combined in one person and he accused Goemboes of wanting to be that person.

Last week Doctor Eckhardt—slim, scholarly, forty-eight—and Goemboes sat in a secret meeting of the Parliamentary Affairs Committee. They mulled over the new Rome protocols. Suddenly Eckhardt flared. He said that whenever the Premier touched foreign politics he damaged Hungary's prestige.

Roaring Premier—"That is impudence!" Goemboes roared.

Eckhardt stormed out and sent in his seconds. Challenged several times before to a duel, Goemboes this time accepted.

Accompanied by doctors and seconds, the two men, repaired early the next morning to a cavalry barracks.

The antagonists strode to their places, turned at the word "fire!" and blazed away.

Both bullets crashed into the wall. Unreconciled, as well as unscathed, Goemboes and Eckhardt stalked away.

Ordinarily, duelists face perfunctory arrest and a small fine. But since Goemboes would have to order his own arrest, he found it convenient the next day, in an official communiqué touching lightly on the affair, to ignore such legal points.

Turkish *Aladdin* at Dardanelles

Ataturk Modernizes Crumpled Empire and Enters Treaty-Making



European

Mustafa Kemal Ataturk, dictator of Turkey, who wants to refortify—

Turks look upon their blond, blue-eyed dictator as an *Aladdin*, rubbing modern Turkey into being with a magic lamp.

Mustafa Kemal Ataturk began rubbing his lamp right after the War. In one sweep he trounced an Allied Army sent against him, chased Greek troops out of the country and tipped over a Sultan's Throne.

By 1923 he had salvaged out of the crumpled Ottoman Empire an area of 295,000 square miles with 14,000,000 people. He made it into the Republic of Turkey with himself as President.

Another rub of his lamp sent his new Capital, Angora, mushrooming on the sweeping Anatolian plain and a new order of things sprouting into life.

Wave of Modernity—In came modern education, controlled economy, factories, balanced budgets, new railroads, western agricultural methods: out went the black-tasseled red fez, the veil for women, the tongue-twisting alphabet, the califate, polygamy, and other centuries-old institutions. Abroad, the "Terrible Turk" of Ottoman days was signing treaties of friendship and non-aggression right and left. Russia, a fearsome enemy of Czarist days, became his closest friend.

In thirteen years, Turkey had made itself the strongest influence for stability and progress in the Balkans.

Mustafa Kemal Ataturk last week produced this record of good-will to seek the removal of the one blotch on an otherwise peaceful horizon.

In 1923 Turkey signed with the Allied Powers the Treaty of Lausanne, which recognized her independence and demilitarized the Dardanelles, the Bosphorus and western Thrace (see map).

A freely negotiated agreement—unlike the Versailles Pact—it guaranteed the territorial integrity of the new Republic and put the forbidden military zones under League supervision.

Turkey accepted it with good grace, but out of national pride quietly carried on a campaign for peaceful revision of the military clauses.

Stand on Dardanelles—In 1934 she informed Britain, France, and Italy—chief signatory Powers—that if Germany were allowed to rearm she would demand the right to refortify the Dardanelles.

Since then she has watched both Germany and Austria organize forbidden Armies and Germany go into the demilitarized Rhine zone.

In consequence, Turkey notified Britain informally last week, she feels the League has been weakened, therefore no longer guaranteeing her inviolability.

Backing Turkey are Russia, Greece, and Rumania, with Yugoslavia supporting her "in principle." Against her are Italy and Bulgaria. Britain and France are regarded as friendly, tho chary of starting a treaty-revision ball rolling across Europe.

As willing as they are to help friendly Turkey, both Britain and France have learned from costly experience what it means to keep the Dardanelles open in war.

A ribbon of water forty miles long and from one to four miles wide, they separate Europe from Asia and unite the Sea of Marmora and the Aegean Sea.

There Xerxes, the Persian conqueror, crossed into Europe on a string of boats in 480 B.C., and Alexander crossed to enter Asia in 334 B.C. It was then known as the Hellespont.

Leander swam it nightly to see his *Hero* until the lamp burning in her tower went out and he was drowned. *Jason* and his *Argonauts* negotiated it in search of the Golden Fleece.

In 1915 a British submarine got through the mine-infested bottle-neck and sank a Turkish war-ship off the Golden Horn at Constantinople (now Istanbul).

The Allies wanted to free Russia from the Turkish blockade in the Black Sea. Sixteen war-ships shelled the shore-batteries

with little effect. A land force under Sir Ian Hamilton charged in by land. The combined attack failed in one of the greatest disasters of the War.

Once the War was over, the Allies got busy dismantling the mighty forts on the Dardanelles, on the Bosphorus, and in Thrace.

This was done under the Lausanne Treaty, which replaced the unpopular Treaty of Sévres. It demilitarized a zone ten miles deep on either side of the Dardanelles. Also it provided for freedom of the Straits in time of peace and neutrality when Turkey is at war.

Refortifying Reported—As Turkey worked unceasingly in the European capitals for removal of these restrictions, reports drifted abroad of secret refortifying of the Straits.

In fact Tewfik Rushdu Aras, the Turkish Dictator's Foreign Minister and right-hand man, once let it slip out that Turkey was ready at any moment to defend any part of her territory.

Chief pusher of Dardanelles refortification, he demands the right to build air-bases, construct underground torpedo tubes, submarine depots and possession of transportable coastal batteries.

The right for these armaments, tho Turkey already has an army of 500,000 men, he bases on a need for security.

In the north, Bulgaria is far from friendly. A revisionist country, she is bent on creating a "greater Bulgaria" by obtaining an Aegean port at the expense of Greece or Turkey.

To the west lies Italy, whose burgeoning imperialism is Turkey's chief fear. Italy possesses at Turkey's front door the strategic Dodecanese Islands and the Island of Rhodes, which, Turks say, she has fortified.

Lately, a Turkish official said:

"I want a hundred years of peace, but before it begins I want a slap at Italy."

But in 1925 Foreign Minister Aras remarked:

"There is no word 'war' in the Turkish constitution; only a provision for national defense."

To this last week were added "Rearm the Dardanelles."



—the (darkly shaded) zones demilitarized by the Lausanne Treaty of 1923

Venezuelan Spring Is Tightly Coiled

Scholarly General Succeeds Dictator, But His Epaulets Still Gleam



Acme

Under Gen. Eleazar Lopez Contreras, Venezuela is no longer "one large ranch"

For twenty-seven years Venezuela was held like a coiled spring in the fist of Gen. Juan Vicente Gomez.

Last December, General Gomez died, and, with a snap, the spring uncoiled. Peons sacked the dictator's coffee-ranches. In Caracas, Capital, pitched on the coastal slope of the Andes, demonstrators jammed the streets, howling for the blood of the Gomez Cabinet.

Most of the latter fled to Trinidad. Here, under British protection, they anxiously watch developments in their native land.

While trade-unionists, long suppressed, hooted in the gallery of Congress, Gen. Eleazar Lopez Contreras, Minister of War, was elected Provisional President by the Gomez hand-picked Deputies.

A powerful Student League, hastily formed, paraded for free speech and a free press.

When they took to storming the Presidential Palace, ten were shot down on Caracas boulevards.

"No Dictators"—This only stiffened popular resistance. Strikes tied up the cities. Uprisings flamed across the countryside.

From all over this mountain-checked land, rich in coffee and oil, came the roar: "No more dictators!"

To the surprise of South America, General Contreras made an abrupt right-about face.

He opened his office to delegations from the unions, the women's leagues, and the rebellious student committees. Overnight he abolished "emergency decrees," slashed

taxes, made unions legal, raised peon wages, scrapped press censorship.

Then he announced that Congress would assemble on April 19, and, within fifteen days, by constitutional procedure, would elect a new President.

Tho one of the Gomez minions, alternately honored and shunted into obscurity, General Contreras's liberalism is not without background.

Under Gomez, Venezuela was "one large ranch," trained to jump at the Dictator's command.

Cornering all national resources, the Gomez clique leased them out to native or foreign promoters, exacting heavy tithes for their own coffers in return.

The rest of the populace of 3,260,000—90 per cent. Indians, Negroes, and *mestizos* (mixed)—were left out in the cold.

Modest General—Alone among the dictator's satraps, General Contreras amassed no personal fortune.

Modest, retiring, he spent much of his time in his library, writing books on military history.

On one occasion he even forbade his soldiers to fire on students demonstrating against his benefactor.

On the other hand, Venezuelans recall uneasily that Dictator Gomez, upon seizing power from his predecessor, likewise embarked, at first, on a liberal program. He, too, scrapped censorship, lowered taxes, brought fiscal order into the country's wild-cat finances.

Rights Throttled—That lasted a year. At the first rumble of dissent, he throttled all constitutional rights with an iron grip.

Critics were herded into prisons in droves. Others eked out dreary lives in heavy labor on jungle roads.

In fact, some Venezuelans see distressing similarities between the dead Dictator and the suave, lanky General with the cadaverous face, who, on rare public appearances, flashes gold epaulets, and a lean chest spangled with medals.

For all his modesty, for all his scholarly habits, they fear that, once in the saddle, he might not let go of the reins.

Political Parties still are amorphous. Facing the General—as yet sole candidate for President—is an articulate, but leaderless, Left, and a quiet, but powerful, Right.

But every boat-load of returned refugees—many of them from the Latin-American colony just north of Manhattan's Central Park—brings experienced politicians to guide the unions and the students. Backing the Right are the great *hacienda* owners and investors of foreign capital, predominantly American and British.

Some wealthy Venezuelans, troubled by recent outbursts of rioting, have come streaming to the United States in the *de luxe* berths of Red D liners. Because of public antipathy against all who held office under Gomez, it is feared that many will

not venture to take their seats when Congress convenes. If this happens, there may be no quorum—and no election.

Hence, to-day, Caracas is a "quiet, but uneasy, town." Too much pressure, either from the Right, or from the Left, may mean more snapping of the Venezuelan spring.

Cuban Chief Touring U. S.

As the slim white United Fruit Liner *Talamanca* sidled into San Pedro Harbor, California, last week, shore-batteries sounded off a twenty-one gun salute. *S. S. California*, Pacific Fleet flag-ship, repeated.

On to the pier, while brasses blared "Himno de Bayamo," the Cuban national anthem, marched Miguel Mariano Gomez, natty, youthful lawyer, who in January became President-elect of Cuba.

Once inaugurated, he will be unable to leave his island Republic for four years, except by special legislative grant.

That is why he is now taking a slow, leisurely tour across the continent, stopping out to sight-see Boulder Dam and the Grand Canyon, and winding up with a ten-day visit in the White House.

In Washington and in New York he will discuss with politicians and business men ways of marketing Cuba's two and a half million annual tons of sugar. "The recent Reciprocal Trade Treaty with the United States," he said, "assures prosperity for Cuba."

Cheering Crowds—Meanwhile, in Havana, while crowds cheered on palm-lined boulevards, the first fully constitutional Congress in forty years met and proceeded to set in motion the island's somewhat rusted wheels of democratic government.

Symbolic of Cuba's new freedom was the presence of six Congresswomen, the first to sit in the palatial \$18,000,000 Capitol.

While Jefferson Caffery, bachelor Ambassador from the United States, beamed, Congress was adjourned until May 20, when the new President, returned from sight-seeing, will be inaugurated.



Keystone

Miguel Mariano Gomez, pleasure-bound in America before becoming Cuba's President

Political Issues in Church Activity

Charges of Marxist Efforts Threaten Row at Methodist Conference

Gen. Ulysses Simpson Grant is said to have remarked that there were three political Parties in the United States: the Republican, the Democratic, and the Methodist.

On May 1 (Europe's Labor Day), Republicans and Democrats, perhaps a few Socialists and Communists, Methodists all, will gather in Columbus, Ohio, for the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Judging from the pre-Conference declarations of various groups and individuals, political as well as ecclesiastical issues will be raised.

Among the groups going to the Conference with a definite program and the determination to press for action on it is the Methodist Federation for Social Service, an authorized agency of the Church. The broad purpose of the Federation, as set forth in its monthly *Social Questions Bulletin*, is . . . "to abolish the profit system in order to develop a classless society based upon the obligation of mutual service."

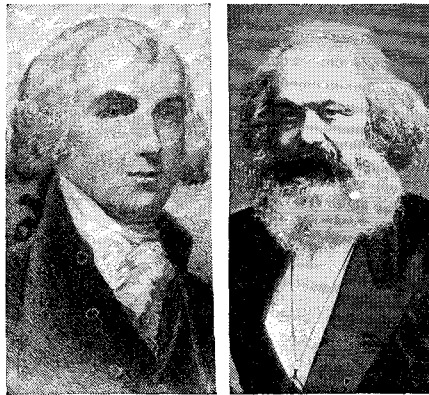
The Federation intends to ask the General Conference:

1. "To declare that the Christian religion compels us to reject the method of the struggle for profit as the economic base for society."
2. "To approve the method of social-economic planning under democratic control, with social ownership of all things necessary. . . ."
3. "To declare that the change from a blind profit economy to one that is intelligently planned for social ends should be sought by education and democratic discussion, not by violence."

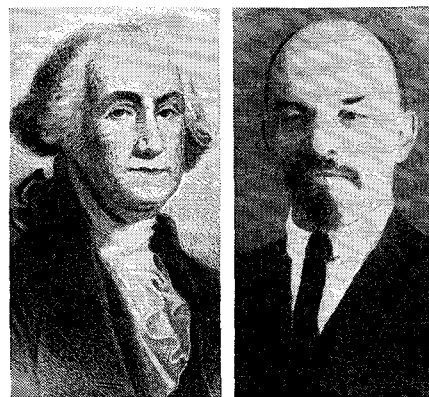
Articulate Laymen—Shocked by such avowed aims, other groups and individuals have arrayed themselves in opposition. Most articulate of these are the Conference of Methodist Laymen, an organization of Methodist business men formed in Chicago two years ago; another group of laymen who met in Chicago last July 29; and the Rev. Rembert Gilman Smith, D.D., pastor of the Methodist church in Pryor, Oklahoma, who, on his own initiative, has issued a pamphlet called "Methodist Reds," in which he demands a show-down in May with those he is pleased to brand "Marxist Methodists."

Says a resolution of the laymen's group which met last July: "The fundamental object of the Methodist Episcopal Church is the building of Christian character. The message of the church is personal, individual. . . . Between the philosophy of Christianity, with its emphasis upon the personal relationship and responsibility of man to man and man to God, and the philosophy of economic determinism which relates all human happiness to economic reward, we feel that there is essential and inevitable conflict."

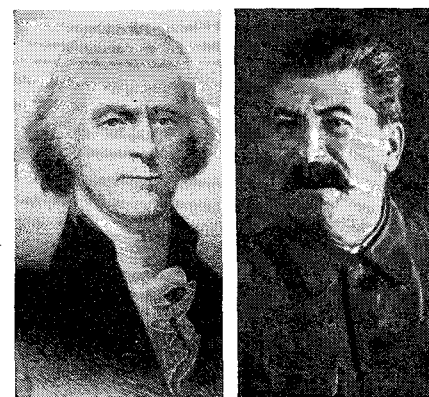
"Therefore, it is the sense of this group that when the pulpit and the religious press substitute economic and social systems for



Says Dr. Rembert G. Smith: "These Methodist Reds . . . are convinced . . . that we must turn away from Madison to Marx,—"



"—from Washington to Lenin,—"



"—from Jefferson to Stalin. . . ."

the Christian ideal of individual responsibility and freedom of choice, they are losing sight of their fundamental objectives."

To which the Rev. Mr. Smith of Oklahoma adds a resounding Amen! In his pamphlet he charges that "what these Methodist Reds want is an approximation of the Russian system. They favor Communism, with the atheism left out, but there is reason to infer that they wish it, even with the allied atheism, if that is the only way it can be gotten; hoping, perhaps, to destroy the atheism as soon as possible."

Old and New Leaders—"They are convinced," he goes on, "that the system of American capitalism, under the Constitu-

tion of the Fathers, has completely and hopelessly broken down; that we must turn away from Madison to Marx, from Washington to Lenin, from Jefferson to Stalin, for the counsels of economic and political wisdom now needed."

Meanwhile the Federation for Social Service will be first on the field. It has called a meeting in Columbus for April 29, where it is intended to map the campaign for the General Conference two days later.

The Rev. Mr. Smith charges Bishop Francis J. McConnell, a man bold in action and forthright in speech, is the "head and front" of the Federation. Its *Bulletin* lists simply the two Editors—Harry F. Ward and Winifred L. Chappell.

The Columbus Conference may well make history.

Angell Fears for Education

In 1701 the Collegiate School was founded in one small building in Saybrook, Connecticut. Thirteen years later it received valuable gifts of books and money from the head of one of the largest corporations in the world, the East India Company. In 1718 the Collegiate School moved thirty-two miles west to New Haven and adopted the name of its benefactor, Boston-born Elihu Yale, son of a Welshman.

To-day Yale University, like the East India Company, is a corporation. It has spent \$50,000,000; maintains a productive endowment running into \$100,000,000.

Will that \$100,000,000 cease to be productive? Is it in fact imperiled at the moment? Dr. James Rowland Angell, fourteenth President of the University, fears the answer, in both cases, may be yes.

Two Trends—In a recent annual report Doctor Angell cites two trends which he regards as distinctly dangerous: 1. Fascism; 2. Tax schemes now before Congress.

Of the first, he says: "There are not a few who apparently are looking to a totalitarian State, and many more to a social order in which all education at least shall be under government control."

Of the second subject, taxes, he says that "the effort to levy destructive taxes upon the educational property of these institutions . . . withering imposts placed upon testamentary estates, and the crushing taxes upon income . . . involve consequences of the most serious kind for the endowed institution."

In the face of these threats, Doctor Angell warns all American colleges that, if they are to justify the intellectual and moral freedom which they so jealously cherish, "they must turn more of their attention toward those compelling problems upon whose solution depends the very existence of civilization itself."

Meanwhile, a few days before Doctor Angell delivered his report, a group of college boys and girls appeared before a Congressional Committee and asked for this younger generation a Federal grant of \$3,500,000,000 to provide living expenses and pocket-money for 2,250,000 who want to go to school.

Indians' Unhappy Hunting Ground

Oil and Sentiment Fail to Mix; Senator Proposes Redress in Oklahoma

When red-skinned ancestors of the late Will Rogers "met the boat" at Plymouth Rock in 1621, there were about 850,000 Indians in the United States.

To-day not more than 350,000 full-blood Indians survive in what was once their Happy Hunting Ground. White brothers, pushing relentlessly toward the setting sun, slew thousands with "bang-sticks"; other thousands fell fighting among themselves; of the rest, "fire-water," famine, drugs, vice, and the other benefits of civilization have taken a heavy toll.

Nearly a third, 110,000, now live in Oklahoma, Unhappy Hunting Ground, whither Uncle Sam shooed them by persuasion, forcible and otherwise, nearly a half-century ago.

Here, surrounded by fields of yellow wheat, they were solemnly promised they could work out their own salvation in peace at last.

But "black gold" burst through the yellow wheat, and again the Indian, grasping his good fortune too hazily and too late, was dispossessed.

Legal Flimflam—Elsewhere, except for certain Eastern States, the Red Man has not fared so badly. In Oklahoma, however, the so-called Civilized Tribes (Cherokee, Choctaw, Creek, Chickasaw, and Seminole) have been deprived of as much as 97 per cent. of their lands through legal flimflam, says a report of the National Association of Indian Affairs, Inc.

An Act of Congress in 1934 made lease-stealing illegal, but Oklahoma was exempted from its provisions. Oil and sentiment did not mix.

The 1887 allotment system guaranteed to every Indian, man, woman, and child, a tract of land which was to become his in fee

simple after a twenty-five-year trusteeship of the Secretary of the Interior. To-day nine out of ten members of these tribes are landless, most of them poverty-stricken, many of them victims of drink, dope, and designing women, the report continues. With an eye to the coming generation, "bootleggers meet returning trains at vacation time, and there are many instances of boys and girls . . . being made drunk before even starting home, and staying drunk through vacation."

To correct an attitude which, says the Association, "has been constantly rotten from the start . . . grasping, cruel, stupid, and dishonest," Senator Elmer Thomas, Oklahoma's free-silver Democrat, is pushing a bill in Congress providing some measure of redress. Passed by the Senate on August 16, 1935, and now before the House, the bill recites:

" . . . that the United States, acting through the Congress, hereby readmits, re-acknowledges, and assumes continued responsibility for the guardianship of our Indian citizens and, in exercising such guardianship, does hereby pledge such Indian citizens of all tribes that it is and will be the continuing policy of the Government to establish justice for and to promote the general welfare of the Indians of the United States."

Back to Guardianship—In effect, the bill returns the Indians to Federal guardianship.

Said John Collier, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, two years ago: "Who can look on the condition of the Indians to-day . . . poverty-stricken, dying at twice the white man's rate of mortality, limited in education and opportunity, hopeless, distrustful . . . and not say that a reversal is indicated?"

Will the New World bear out Lord

Bryce's rueful prediction that the Indian system would continue to be a reproach until the race of native Americans had vanished utterly from their homeland?

The Association's report concludes: "The situation is so bad as to be spectacular, so spectacular as to be incredible."

Filibuster on Alien Bill

The filibuster is the ace-in-the-hole of any United States Senator anxious enough to hold up a bill and daring enough to brave the wrath of his colleagues.

Since an assassin's bullet last summer silenced the drawling tongue of Huey P. Long, no Senator has risen from his desk to block a bill by a lengthy discussion of the causes of the American Revolution, or the proper method of frying oysters. That was Huey Long's special province and lately no Senator has cared to share it.

An attempt at filibuster there was, however, when Senator Robert R. Reynolds of North Carolina strode up and down the center aisle of the Chamber last week in a last-ditch attempt to halt the Kerr-Coolidge Alien Deportation Bill.

To the accompaniment of cheers from the Hearst newspapers from New York to San Francisco, Reynolds thundered that it was time for the Senate to decide whether it wanted "to save the country for Americans or turn it over to criminal aliens."

The Bill which brought a shoulder-to-shoulder assault from Hearst and Reynolds is a revised edition of proposals introduced in both the House and the Senate.

Distinctions Allowed—With the stamp of approval from both the Labor and State Departments, the Bill compels the deportation of criminal aliens, but at the same time legalizes the standing of certain aliens who have entered the country illegally.

Thus any one who entered the country illegally before July 1, 1924, would be allowed to remain if he could prove that he was of good moral character.

Enforcement of the measure would be placed in the hands of a Committee made up of representatives of the Labor, State, and Justice Departments. The discretionary power given this Committee is the ground on which most of the objections to the bill are based.

Eligible for compulsory deportation under the Kerr-Coolidge Bill would be any alien convicted of violating any Federal or State narcotic law, or of any crime involving imprisonment for moral delinquency. Estimates place the number of aliens liable to deportation under these terms at 20,000. About 3,000 aliens would be permitted to remain in the country because of good moral character.

More effective than Senator Reynolds's filibuster in blocking the deportation bill was a sudden cessation of all legislative activity in the Senate. Early last week the upper chamber was turned into a Court of Impeachment (see Page 9) and discussion of pending bills had to be carried on in the cloak-rooms and the corridors of the Senate and House Office buildings.



Wide World

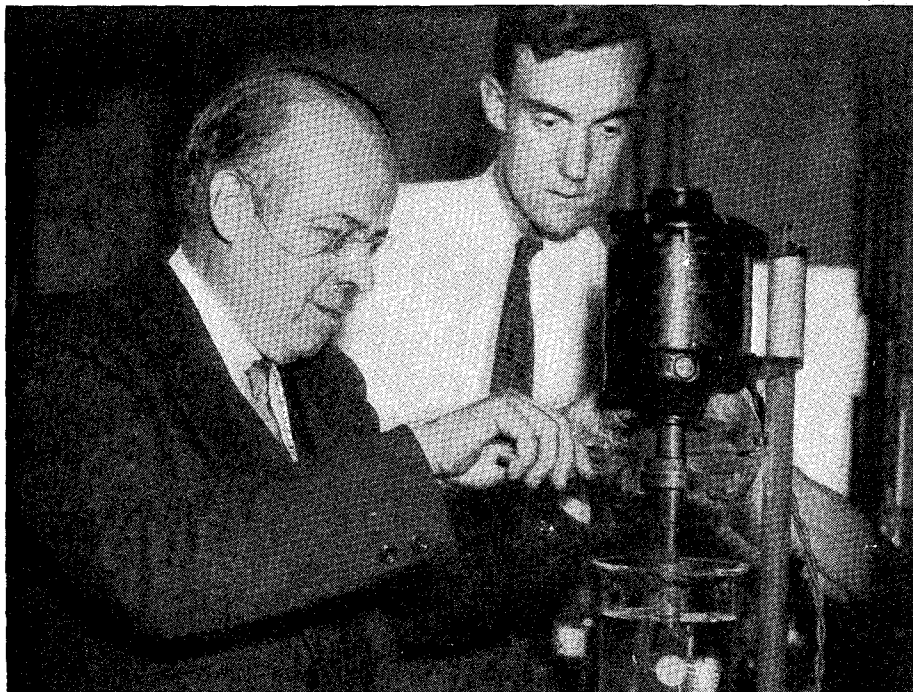
John Collier (left) and visitors to his Washington Office; as Commissioner of Indian Affairs, he deplores "the condition of Indians to-day . . . poverty-stricken, hopeless, distrustful"



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Modern Life Begins in the Laboratory

Many Miracles Now Every-Day Commonplaces; New Worlds Beckon



Wide World

Prof. Colin G. Fink (left), discoverer of tungsten, is still thinking of new fields to conquer

Scurrying toilers in twentieth century steel-and-concrete human ant-heaps go their endless way, unmindful of the fact that life begins in the laboratory. Yet a single day without the mystic, big-named substances—gases, metals, alloys, cells—which white-smocked scientists have caught and tamed for lesser mortals would as certainly disrupt the life and movement of a modern city as a sudden failure in its water supply.

Rising at dawn, the layman snaps on a light. Were it not for the discovery twenty-eight years ago in the laboratories of the General Electric Company that a useless metal was useful in the filament of an electric lamp, he might cut himself shaving. Tungsten helps him see.

Arriving at his office, he is whisked to the roof of the world, and an "electric eye" more unerring than any human hand soundlessly slithers back the elevator-doors. Cæsium, one of the rarest of metals, forms the sensitive "pupil" of the "eye," or photoelectric cell.

Making Talkies Talk—All day long he breathes a gas which, as he leaves his office, will suffuse the sky with a thousand red, amber, green, blue advertising signs, and which, if he chances to go to the movies after dinner, will enable him to hear as well as see his favorite screen siren. Neon makes the talkies talk.

Women, admiring the shining surfaces of their ultramodern kitchens, little realize the years spent in perfecting that formula for something as smooth as glass and as hard as steel, or that a Columbia professor discovered, eleven years ago, that metal objects could be electroplated in a bath of murky, blood-red chromic acid, provided a small percentage of impurity, such as

fluorid or sulphid, were present. Chromium plating is as simple as that.

Prof. Colin Garfield Fink, discoverer of tungsten, of the chromium-plating process and of a dozen other equally revolutionary things, grows enthusiastic over worlds yet to be conquered in *The Independent Journal of Columbia University*.

Miracles Cited—Among the "miracles" which already have altered life he cites:

Radium, worth \$40,000 to \$50,000 a gram, now used in the treatment of cancer, and one day, he feels, to serve other humanitarian ends, if it becomes more available.

Beryllium, the metallic element in beryl, a paltry \$50 a pound, which, added to copper, makes an alloy hard enough to cut steel. Beryllium-copper springs operate many spring-driven gages and precision instruments.

Rhodium, more precious than platinum, its sister metal, which supplies the permanent reflecting surfaces of transcontinental airways searchlight reflectors.

Doctor Fink's discovery of tungsten led to another experiment with metals. The filament of an electric lamp burns in an airtight glass bulb, either evacuated or filled with inert gas.

The wires that take the current into the bulb must be sealed in the glass. Only one metal was then available—platinum—and General Electric was using \$7,000,000 worth a year.

Professor Fink found that a nickel alloy wire, coated with copper, would do just as well. General Electric cut its bill from seven million to \$126. More important to the general public is this: but for that discovery, there wouldn't be enough platinum to go around; most people would have to do

without radios, because there couldn't be any tubes.

Doctor Fink, now fifty-four and Secretary of the Electrochemical Society, sees no limits to the possibilities for the future. New fields to conquer—strontium, scandium, rhenium, and hafnium.

The "Perfect" Anesthetic

Ninety years ago, on October 16, 1846, a young dentist named William T. G. Morton held a cone of ether over a patient's face in the Massachusetts General Hospital, while Dr. J. Mason Warren, a fashionable surgeon of the day, amputated a leg. To the astonishment of the spectators, the patient neither squirmed nor groaned.

"Gentlemen," exclaimed Doctor Warren, "this is no humbug!"

Since that time ether has been the chief drug in the armamentarium of anesthetists, tho repeatedly attacked as unpleasant and dangerous. Patients dread it, especially the nausea that follows the operation. Surgeons dislike its after-effects. To replace it, a tireless quest for the perfect anesthetic has been carried on.

Last week a Canadian surgeon, Dr. W. N. Kemp, of Vancouver, British Columbia, declared that ether itself may be that "perfect" anesthetic. The fault so far has not been the drug, but the doctor. The patient must be properly prepared in advance for his operation, he explained in *The Journal of the Canadian Medical Association*.

Diet Regulation—For about a week before the event, Doctor Kemp directs the patient to eat no meat, but to include plenty of starches, sugars, calcium and vitamins.

This regimen is supplemented with a daily dose of lactose, commonly known as milk sugar.

An additional treatment is prescribed for the five days just preceding the operation. A daily dose of Lugol's solution, which contains iodine, is given, and in some cases, extract of adrenal glands as well.

Doctor Kemp insists that the patient spend the last three days in the hospital, "getting into physical and environmental equilibrium."

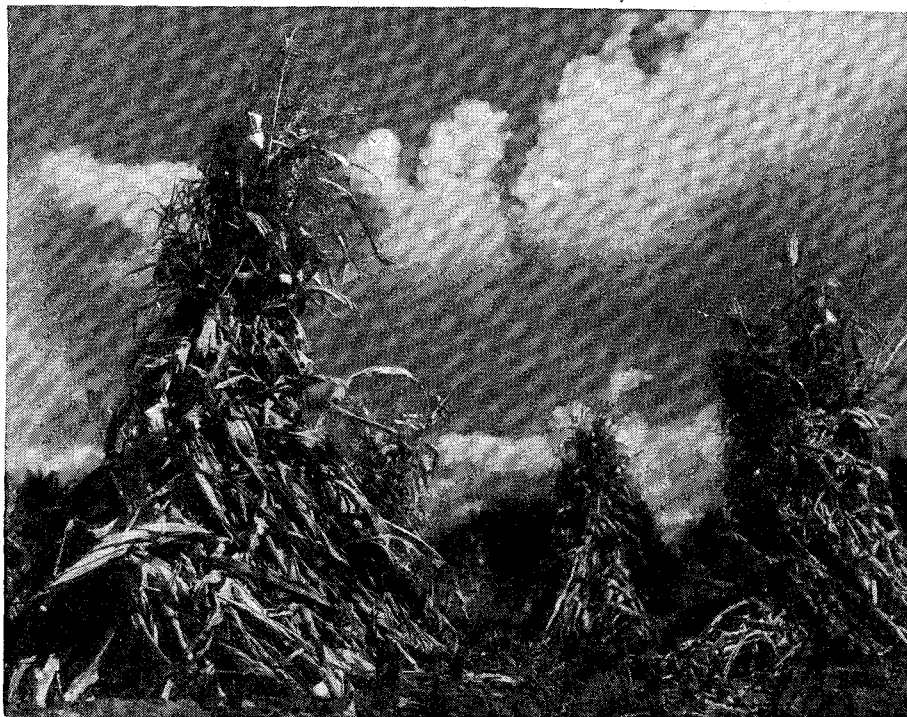
Before entering the operating room, the patient is placed in a semiconscious condition by sleep-producing drugs. This takes away fear and renders him oblivious to preparations in the operating-room. When the time comes he goes under the ether without knowing he has taken it.

Like Morton's original demonstration of ether, Doctor Kemp declares this pre-operative treatment is no humbug. He has tested it carefully on laboratory animals, and also on a series of surgical cases in the Vancouver General Hospital.

"Undoubtedly the next great advance in surgery will be in the field of preoperative care," he declares. "When anesthetists are trained to administer ether according to the technique outlined above . . . we will have made ether an ideal general anesthetic."

American Aborigines: Great Farmers

Potato Isn't Irish, But, Like Tomato, It Originated in New World



Keystone

Americans to-day may safely thank aboriginal Indians for the development of corn

The Irish potato is not Irish. It is not even a potato.

Sea Island and Egyptian cotton, the two best varieties, were developed neither on sea islands nor in Egypt.

Down to the time of our grandmothers, the tomato, or "love-apple," was shunned as poisonous. Only the South American Indians knew what good food it was.

For these three and many other agricultural products, modern man must thank the aboriginal American, probably the first, certainly the best, primitive farmer in the world, tho until recently he got little credit for it, says Gregory Mason in April *Natural History*.

Menu Throwback—As a matter of fact, he notes, at least five-sevenths of any typical American banquet menu throws back to the American Indian, from preprandial tomato juice to postprandial cigar.

Christopher Columbus must have been surprized when he touched shore in the Bahamas on the misty morning of October 12, 1492. Surprized because he had thought to find himself among barbarians and discovered a race of pre-AAA-SCADA farmers, far in advance of their European contemporaries.

Less surprized is Dr. Orator Fuller Cook, chief botanist of the Department of Agriculture, who believes that the art of farming may have started on this continent and spread to Europe through Asia.

Aboriginal Americans had more varieties of maize than we have to-day. There is evidence, in fact, that maize was the first grain to be domesticated. How long it took the Indians to develop corn from the wild Mexican grass called *teocintli* can not be estimated.

They had a variety of corn that ripened in three months, flourished in Canada; another that required five months, suited to Texas. Later came freak varieties like flint maize and dent maize, even popcorn.

Ignorant of Hallowe'en savagery, they none the less invented the custom of planting pumpkins, as well as squash and beans, among the corn-rows.

Cotton in their time was known in the Old World, but the best modern varieties were developed by the American Indian. The Mayas and Mexicans grew cotton so fine the Spaniards took it for silk, and so strong it was used as armor against their wooden swords.

The Irish potato, though white, is Indian, a second cousin of the tomato. Both belong to the nightshade family. The potato never grew north of Colombia until it had completed an ironical and romantic journey through Europe.

"A Kind of Truffle"—The first white man to see it was Pedro de Cieza de Leon, who found natives of Colombia eating it in 1538. He described it as "a kind of truffle." Later Spanish ships took some to Europe. By way of Vienna the potato reached Germany, where it is still miscalled a truffle (*kartoffel*).

In 1663 it was recognized in Ireland as a good substitute for oatmeal, the then principal food. A group of Irishmen brought it back to America in 1719. The first planting in North America was at Londonderry, New Hampshire.

Among medicinal drugs discovered by these long-ago American agriculturalists are ipecac, cascara, quinine, and balsam Peru. Cocaine is derived from coca, a plant native to South America. The Indians are

believed to have understood something of its medicinal and anesthetic properties.

Even the drug-store soda-fountain stems in a sense from the earliest Red Men. For they found the bean that goes in a hot chocolate, a soda, a double marshmallow Shirley Temple Special.

America's Lead in Power

The United States performs half the useful tasks of the world—because it makes a thousand and one types of step-saving, hand-saving machines do its work.

Thus, 127,521,000 Americans accomplish as much as the remaining 1,875,000,000 people on earth, says the May *Popular Mechanics*. For America is the world's chief user of power.

About thirteen horse-power is consumed for every person in the United States. The average for England is only 6.6 horse-power; for India and China less than .5.

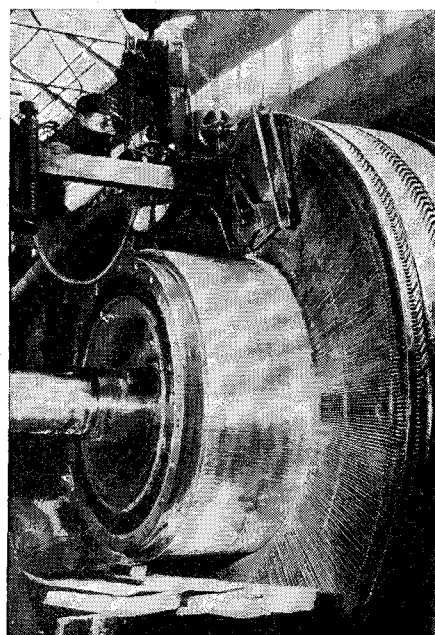
Many people believe that, because of their numbers, men and domestic animals still do most of the work of the world. But *Popular Mechanics* calculates that all work-animals together do less than 5 per cent. of the useful work.

Muscles Overshadowed—In America, forty times as much work is done by mechanical means as by muscle heft.

The reason is that it costs from \$1 to \$3 or \$4 a day to hire an average laborer, tho on an engineering basis he is rated at only .1 horse-power. A .1 horse-power machine can be operated for only a few cents a day. A single barrel of crude oil yields energy corresponding to the entire power output for a day of more than 1,500 men.

As for servants—the average American family, in the machines it uses in and about the home, employs the equivalent of eleven able-bodied men fifty-six hours a week, at a total cost of about \$75 a year.

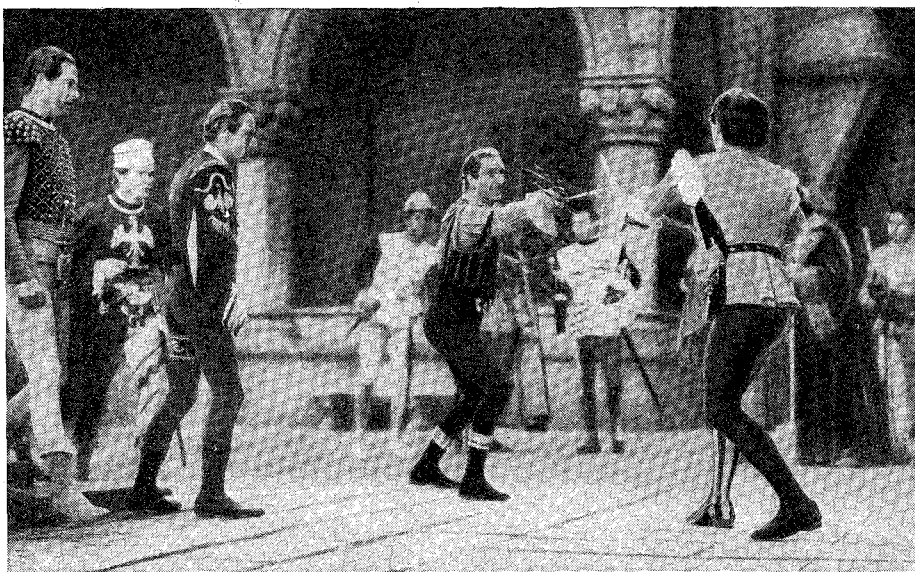
"This," observes *Popular Mechanics*, "is far cheaper than owning slaves."



Acme

A generator armature, symbolic of the power which saves labor for Americans

Screening Shakespeare at the Cost of Millions



"Good night, good night; parting is such sweet sorrow. . . .": Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer in the title rôles of "Romeo and Juliet"; (right) the duel scene, between Tybalt (Basil Rathbone) and Mercutio (John Barrymore)

A year ago the Warner Bros. studio was finishing up "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Every rival studio in Hollywood covertly watched the Burbank plant. Fantastic stories of costs and headaches began to seep out.

Only Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, a studio accustomed to expansive gestures, refused to shiver. It was resolved to do "Romeo and Juliet" in motion-pictures.

Estimatedly, the cost of the picture will pass \$1,250,000.

The studio has been granitic in its care of Shakespeare's dialog. Eighteen versions of the play were studied before the

Cambridge Edition version was chosen. There have been no additions; the cuts have been minute.

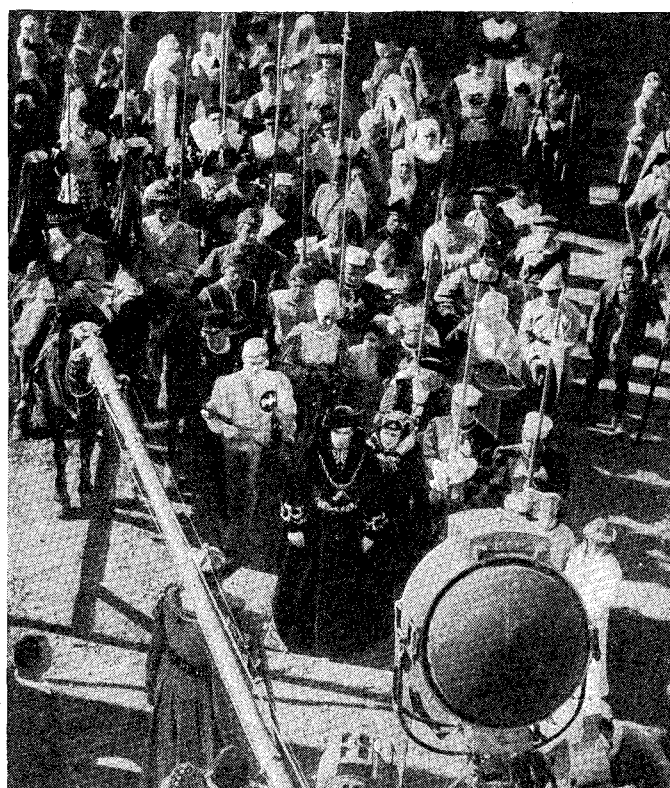
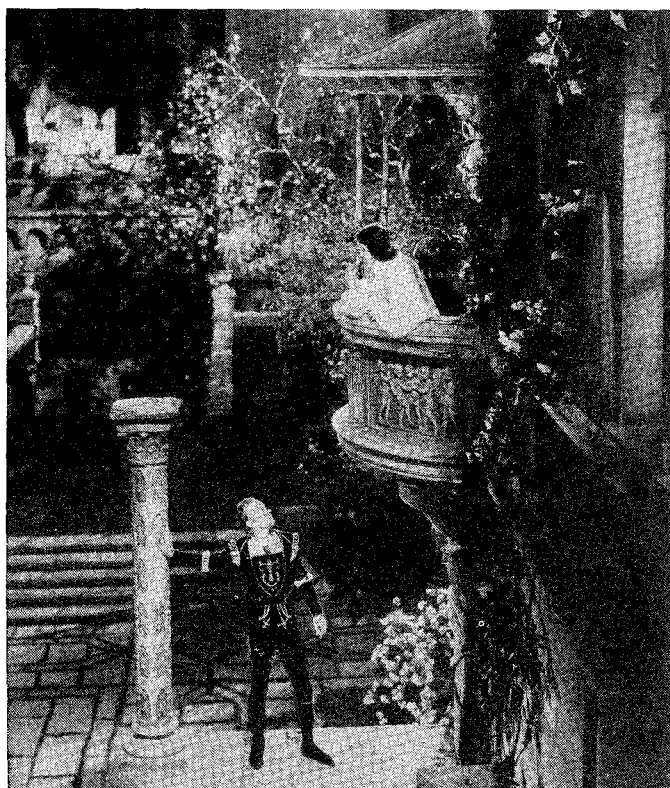
To insure faithfulness to the Verona of 1450, Cedric Gibbons, Art Director, sent two cameramen to the Italian city. They remained there three months, shot 2,769 pictures. These were converted into fifty-four complete scale models. From the models grew the massive settings.

One set, the Cathedral Square in Verona, covers eight acres. The ballroom is 250 by 400 feet. The garden of the *Capulets* is of about the same dimensions, but looks larger. The balcony, to which *Romeo*

clammers on a rose-trellis, is twenty-four feet above garden level.

Altho only 1,200 players actually were costumed for the picture, it was a tedious, exacting job. Men were easier to costume than women. Women required 20,000 yards of cloth, men only 18,000. One cloak for *Romeo* used up nine yards of material. Leslie Howard wore it four times.

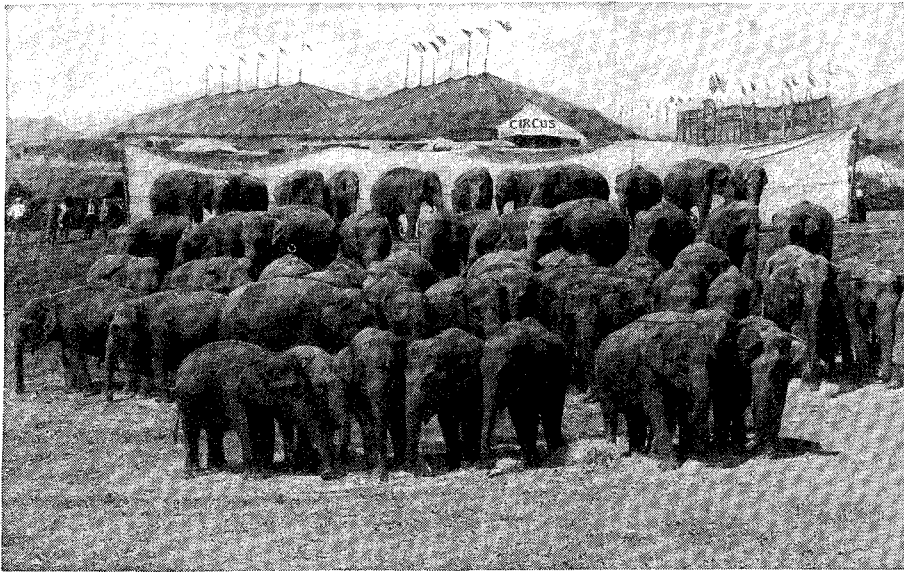
"Romeo and Juliet," with Norma Shearer, as *Juliet*, will be released soon. It is the second big Shakespeare picture within a year. In less than eleven months Hollywood has spent about \$3,000,000 on William Shakespeare, Esq.



Goal of all dramatic actors; the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet"; (right) ". . . Let Romeo hence in haste": the banishing of Romeo by the Prince of Verona, seen from behind the microphone and studio lights

Circus Glamourously Heralds Spring

Shows in Short Season Play to Fourth as Many Millions as Movies



Some of the most popular members of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus, ready to start their nine months' tour of the country, beginning in New York

No timid crocus pierces the hard pavements of Manhattan to herald spring. The authentic signal is a mighty shuffling of freight-cars and hooting of petulant switch-engines in the Mott Haven railroad yards north of the Island.

Now and then an elephant squeals in those cars, a tiger mutters irritably in his throat.

It is the annual sorting of circus-cars, presaging the first show of the season for the Big Top family.

The largest circus aggregation is the combined Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus. It makes its *première* stand for the season in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, playing under a roof of steel and tar. Thirty-five weeks later it plays its last performance under a vast spread of taut canvas. In between it will have traveled more than 30,000 miles, threading back and forth through the States and across the country like a needle in a loom.

Last year this circus traveled thirty-three weeks and four days. In Boston, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, and Chicago it played one-week stands.

In New York it played three weeks and four days. Five other towns had it for two days.

The remainder of the season was one-night stands. More than 150 cities and towns were host to its scores of humans and animals.

Business Barometer—Economists are not proof against the circus. In their play-time they are as eager as the next one to see it.

In their professional hours they use it as one of the truly exact business barometers.

Last year this circus had the best season since 1929. Economists noted that and altered their graphs to show a promise of better times.

Economists have no sentiment about their

figures. The big circus is like the smallest to them.

In 1933, they used the Hagenback-Wallace Circus as their best barometer.

It had more than fifty "straw houses" that season. A "straw house" is a sold-out performance. It means, to circus men, the same as Standing Room Only to a theater operator.

Actually, it means even a little more. It means that "red" seats, the lower-priced kind, have hurriedly been added to the "blue," or high-priced tiers to accommodate people who want the best locations. In a theater it would amount to putting chairs in the aisles. When no more seats at all are available, the overflow sits in the straw on the ground. Hence the phrase, "straw houses."

Another popular circus and a good business indicator is the Al G. Barnes Wild Animal Circus.

It covers about 12,000 miles in a season, generally to a profit.

There are thirty-three lesser groups, from one-ring general animal affairs down to tiny, often desperately bankrupt little dog and pony aggregations.

Patronage of 20,000,000—The circus patronage population is estimated at about 20,000,000 persons annually. Some of these are, of course, repeaters. They see every circus that plays a given town. Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey estimates its own patronage at about 4,500,000 in a season.

The American motion-picture audience is estimated at 80,000,000.

It is interesting to financiers and other business students that the circus, operating only eight months a year with the same show almost all the time, pulls a quarter of that vast number.

Nor is that circus patronage without its glamorous and important individuals. Nearly all the Presidents have been circus-

fans. George Washington, when President, set aside State cares to see Rickett's Circus, which was playing Washington for four days. Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, and Noel Coward invariably arrange to ride elephants the opening night in New York. Mrs. H. T. Webster, wife of the cartoonist, also has ridden elephants in the pageant.

Travels by Train—The Ringling group travels entirely by train, as does the Hagenback-Wallace. Some of the minor circuses travel by motor-van.

The big circus owns a train of 100 cars, ninety-eight of which are required for performers, menagerie, and performance equipment.

Two cars travel ahead for publicity and bill-posting work.

Superficially, it would seem that a big circus is an inefficient business.

There are 350 actual performers in the Ringling circus, but there are 16,000 persons on the pay-roll when it is on the road. The overhead, or "nut" as it is known, is \$12,000 a day.

Exactly half that sum is the daily "nut" for the Hagenback-Wallace show.

Showmanship, good sense, and some locality laws combine to give the Ringling circus a \$30,000 expenditure at the beginning of every year. Before a horse is groomed, an acrobat trained, or a circus-wagon painted, that sum is laid down in cash for new tents and rope. New canvas looks better, new rope is safer. No chances are taken.

Fatalities Rare—This is only part of the safety program which sends 160 persons twice a day for thirty-odd weeks through perilous acts which only rarely result in injury, most rarely in death.

When on the road, all employees are fed and housed by the parent circus. All animals, even those owned individually by performers, are fed and cared for by the circus.

Veterinary care alone is often a staggering sum.

The complete circus, under ideal conditions, can be set up and ready for performance in just under four hours after all equipment has reached the lot. Dexter Fellows, a veteran in the executive forces of the circus, is constantly amazed at this and can not explain. No one else can, either.

Somehow, the tents go up, the seats are raised, the animals harnessed, the performers costumed and the band tuned in that time.

He also is amazed at the persistent theory that the circus is a show for children. A statistical ferret, he has discovered a ratio of 3.1 of adults over children in the attendance figures.

"They tell me," he said recently, "that they 'only came so Junior could see the show.' I doubt that. I don't think 3.1 adults are that indulgent no matter how amiable Junior may be."

The Ringling circus looks forward each year to Harper Joy of Spokane, Washington. Mr. Joy is an indefatigable circus-fan. Each year he devotes his entire vacation to traveling with the circus.



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Star Tenor Sings for a Song

Richard Crooks Will Toss Away Thousands of Dollars Worth of Expensive Voice, and Has Been Known to Give Audiences "Rain-Checks"

Alexander Richard Crooks is thirty-five, and will sing for a song. For the sake of a song, that is. The leading tenor of the Metropolitan Opera Company can't resist persons who like his singing, crisp open-air, or just plain singing.

This prodigal tossing away of thousands of dollars worth of expensive voice distresses his managers. He doesn't mind that. Six feet, two inches tall, 200 pounds in weight, he suggests a combination of "Primo Carnera and choir-boy." The latter, perhaps, because he once was a choir-boy.

His tireless throat and voice suggest a flawless musical instrument made of cast iron. On the rare occasions when it fails him, he gives his concert-audiences rain-checks. That is, he stops the program, thanks them for their attention, and promises to sing a week later free of charge. He always does.

"Girl Next Door"

Hubert Kelley discovered most of this talking to Mr. Crooks for *The American Magazine*. From Mrs. Crooks, who, at fourteen, was the "little girl next door" who believed in the gangling boy whose voice was changing disastrously, Mr. Kelley discovered other things.

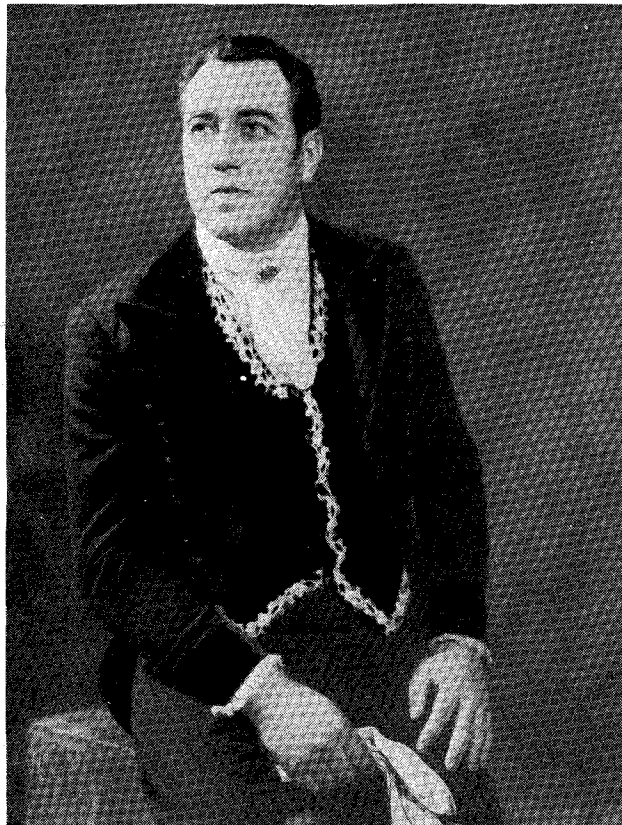
About, for example, the time the tenor stopped two ferocious bears by yowling a series of high C's at them. The bears were scared stiff. When the Crooks boy-soprano began to turn into the Crooks adolescent who didn't know what he wanted to do, several things turned up suddenly. He painted a gas-tank, for one thing. He slung enormous ice-cakes around, for another. There was an interlude of flying during the War. His golden, powerful voice came back to him in the air.

Mr. Crooks's fellow icemen used to roar in derision when he sang solo as giant slabs of heavy ice were slung from platform to wagon. Their weight almost pulled his arms out of their sockets. To forget the strain, he sang, lustily. After awhile, his fellow icemen didn't jeer. They stopped and listened.

He saved his money and went to New York. Good teachers charged so much for singing lessons that his savings melted faster than July suns had demolished his ice. He got a job selling insurance and that helped.

He married, he tried out as solo tenor for Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, and won, altho forty-seventh on the list. It brought him \$25 a Sunday. His fame grew, and his solo work brought him enough to go to Europe.

After he came back, he was offered an American debut. He accepted—and almost scared his wife and managers witless. He wanted to be handball champion of New York State. He played the championship game—and won it—a few hours before concert time. He showed up at the concert just on time, as fresh as a boy. The game,



Richard Crooks: His high C's frightened the bears away

arduous as it had been, hadn't even begun to weary him.

In his mail he used to get regular letters signed Nancy Council.

"When he went to Berkeley, California, to sing in concert," says Mr. Kelley, "he remembered that it was her home, and he looked her up. Her mother, on the telephone, said that Nancy would be at the concert. . . . the doctor was permitting her to go. Doctor? Well, yes, Nancy was an invalid strapped to a board. Her spine had been injured in infancy. She would be carried to the hall.

Excited Nancy

"But before the concert the mother called again. Nancy could not hear the concert. She had been so excited at the prospect that the doctor had forbidden it."

Mr. Crooks immediately telephoned a piano dealer to send a grand piano to Nancy's house at once. He arrived while the truckmen were carrying it in.

"Nancy, a lovely child in her 'teens, stared at him incredulously. . . . Mildred (Mrs. Crooks) played for two hours, and Richard Crooks sang his entire concert.

Color came to the child's cheeks. Time came for his concert down-town, but Richard Crooks sang on. His manager was desperate.

"He ran down every clue in the hope of finding his erring tenor. But when, at last, he found Crooks singing by the bedside of Nancy Council, he did not interrupt. He returned to the hall and said merely that Richard Crooks was singing to a sick child. When Crooks arrived at last, two hours late, the crowd stood up, without applauding. . . ."

For all that he releases his voice at any and all times, in any and all places, such as steamship piers, in taxicabs, on streets, and in his tub, Mr. Crooks has sage notions about learning to sing, and young aspirants to singing honors.

Natural Qualities

"I honestly believe," he told R. H. Wollstein in *The Etude*, "that the physical accident of voice itself is 80 per cent. of the battle. The finest schooling applied to a small, colorless, mediocre, natural voice will result in nothing but disappointment. If I were advising a young aspirant to vocal fame, I should counsel him to spend a month or two simply in listening to the natural quality of our ranking voices, and in making an honest comparison between those voices and his own.

"The voice-qualities that earn a singer attention are: first, natural timbre; then volume and color. All three are necessary. While I ardently believe in wide-spread music study and encouragement, I am equally insistent on the point of discouraging from professional activities such voices as are not endowed with the natural, unacquirable qualities that alone make

for success."

The giant tenor has a daughter, Patricia, thirteen, and a son, Dick, ten. It was to save Dick and Mrs. Crooks that he roared costly high C's at two New Brunswick bears that stood between the Crooks family and escape by canoe.

The bears were menacing because they had cubs, and didn't trust the interlopers on their prowling grounds in the Canadian woods.

Routing the Bears

"Crooks turned and advanced on the bears," Mr. Kelley reports. "The great tenor voice which had thrilled thousands the world over was released in a reverberant whoop.

"The bears dropped to their four feet and cowered back, while Crooks edged forward a foot.

"Again he yelled—high C, a splendid note.

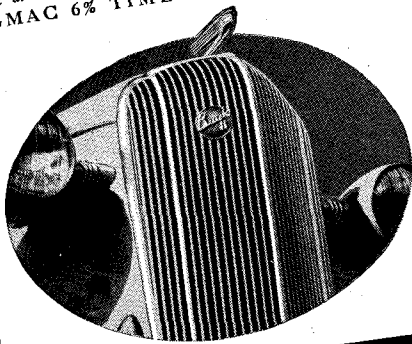
"The bears retreated again. For almost an hour, Richard Crooks advanced, foot by foot, fighting the beasts with his voice, until, at last, unable to make up their minds to attack, the bears fled."



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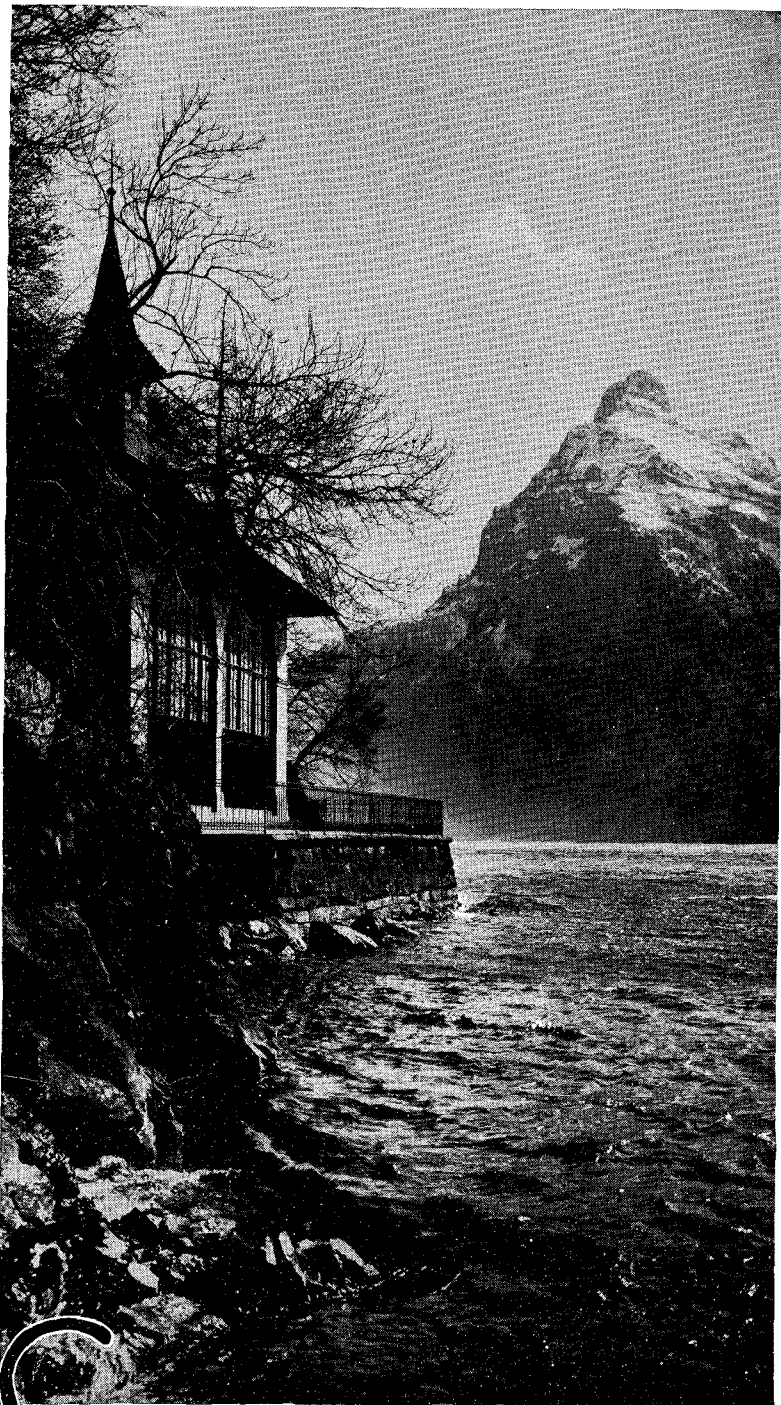
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Obscure Czars of Films

Cameramen's Work Keyed to Make or Break Pictures or Stars

Behind the motion-picture stars and their celebrated directors, behind all the film-stories, whether well written or badly, there is a human key to the success or failure of each photoplay. His power is such that he can make or break a star; he can perfect or distort the most astute director's ideas for a scene. He is the motion-picture cameraman.

Within the industry his importance is acknowledged, but often grudgingly. His name never is seen on the enormous posters spread all over the country. Often enough, in the film itself, his name is credited so quickly that one has to look sharp to see it at all.

Idea Into Reality

Motion-picture magazines are beginning to pay attention to the man whose lens and raw films transform idea into reality.

"In an industry where the last chords of superlative description have been struck so often that now they are banal, the studio cinematographer—the fellow who makes the pictures—is a notable instance of studied self-restraint," *Motion Picture Herald* editorializes. "His labors are great; his rewards few. No gaudy-colored spreads burn his name and features into the public mind.

"... The cameraman has to know a lot. The most important thing he must know is that the highest quality of motion-picture photography is that which is unobtrusive and deliberately refrains from diverting audience attention to its own perfection.

"If one's memory is good, he may be able to recall the name Charles Rosher, A.S.C. It has been appearing on screens for about a quarter century, lately in connection with 'Call of the Wild,' 'Broadway Melody of 1936,' 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' and soon in the credits for 'Small Town Girl.'

"Mr. Rosher knows photography from A to Z. ... Thus, he says:

Commercial Compromise

"Every time the director of photography trains his cameras on a production, he makes a considered artistic surrender to practical picture requirements. His is a commercial compromise, a carefully poised subordination of his professional talents to exalted delineation of story, star, and setting.

"Not for one moment can he lose sight of the governing factor that he is lensing a product that must tour the channels of trade and return with a profit, not a museum-piece of photography that will incite artistic admiration but bring no shekels.

"Through his photography, he must sell the story and stars to the public, emphasizing the whole entertainment plan and making it appealing to the public.

"... Believe me, there is a constant temptation to throw off trade demands and let oneself go into a revelry of artistic composition."

American Ballet Buoyant With Native Themes

Balanchine's Dancers Arouse Hope of Development in U. S. Comparable to Russian

In 1916 a jewel-studded New York audience thrilled to the rhythmic bounding and pirouetting of the great Russian dancer, Vaslav Nijinsky.

But while Manhattanites tingled at this first glimpse of Nijinsky and the Imperial Ballet, Midwestern audiences sneered and turned their backs. America was more concerned about the development of a lusty child of its own—the movies.

For more than a decade the ballet languished in this country. Then, at Harvard, in 1926, two freshmen had a daring idea. To Edward M. M. Warburg and Lincoln Kirstein the time seemed ripe for a ballet which America could call its own.

Enthusiasts of the ballet, they envisaged a performance that would be American in its theme, American in its settings, and performed by dancers drawn from American villages, towns, and cities. Throughout their four years at Harvard they mulled over their idea of an American Ballet. Three years after their graduation they were ready for action.

First Break—The success of any troupe which the two might collect would depend on the ability of their *maitre de ballet*. Warburg and Kirstein got their first break when George Balanchine agreed to fill this position.

In 1914 when the first spark of war leaped over the roofs of Serajevo, Balanchine, a boy of ten, entered the Imperial School of Dancing in St. Petersburg. While Russia shriveled in the heat of revolution, the Imperial School remained untouched.

After his graduation from the School in 1921 he danced for three years in the State Theaters and then joined the Diaghilev Ballet. To-day, at thirty-two, he has originality which is contributing a brilliant chapter to the history of the dance.

As their first step toward the creation of a permanent American Ballet, Warburg, Kirstein, and Balanchine established a ballet school in Manhattan. They look forward buoyantly to a time when there will be an American Ballet school comparable to the old Imperial School in St. Petersburg.

"Bewildering Success"—In 1934 Balanchine's American dancers made their first appearance in a ballet concert at the Adelphi Theater in New York. An audience that had come without sanguine expectations jumped to its feet. Critics rushed to their typewriters to pronounce the performance "a bewildering success," "a momentous event in dance history."

Last fall the Metropolitan Opera House rang up its giant curtain on the first full-fledged American Ballet performance. Typical of the entire program was "Alma Mater," a satire on the two months of the year when America goes football crazy.

The central figure in this ballet is a battered half-back in a blue sweater with



Impressions of the dance, by Thomas Bouchard: Charles Weidman (left) and Tamiris



Vandamm Studio

William Dollar plays the janitor, Charles Laskey the football hero and Heidi Vosseler the hero's bride, in The American Ballet's production, "Alma Mater"

a white "Y." Emerging from the big game of the season as the hero, he goes to his dormitory and dreams of marrying the girl he loves. The evil plots of his rival fail and the happy ending comes amid the blare of "Boola-Boola" and the "Stein Song."

With the dream of ten years ago a vivid reality to-day, Kirstein, Warburg, and Balanchine are whipping their troupe into shape for its second appearance at the Metropolitan next month. Colonial New England, the old South, the Forty-Niners, and other picturesque chapters of American history will furnish the themes.

* * *

Camera Glorifies Ballet

The graceful motion, the delicate line, and the swirl of light and shadow that make the ballet so brilliant a spectacle to the human eye, offer a vast and almost un-

scratched field for the camera-lens. Well in the van of a group of photographers fully conscious of this fact is Thomas Bouchard, whose exhibitions in Paris and New York during the last six years have had the art world buzzing.

Born in Jerusalem forty years ago, Bouchard has spent most of his life in France. His manner is boyish and he prefers rough, unpressed tweeds to the conventional sack-suit. He prides himself on his knowledge of good food and wine. Aside from his devotion to the camera, his interests are centered in the liturgical music of the Catholic Church.

Bouchard's first exhibition was in Paris in 1930. So successful was he in erasing the distinction between painting and photography that purchasers of his work included Picasso, Derain, Soutine, Frieze, and other contemporary French artists.

Artist's Odyssey: Iowa via Europe

Grant Wood Went Abroad, Then Found His Subjects in America

Grant Wood's is a fabulous story. He was an earnest young man who wanted to be an artist. He went through the regular apprenticeship. He went to Europe. He studied in Munich. He served a term in Montparnasse. Then he came home and found success and happiness and world renown waiting for him in his own backyard in Iowa.

In Iowa he found himself. His name became one to whisper with awe in art circles. He stepped into the front ranks of American artists. He founded a regional school of American art.

Out of Iowa this week came the year's work of Grant Wood, his only exhibition since his first one-man show a year ago. The Walker Galleries in New York are showing his "Decorative Drawings," originals of the illustrations he drew for the recently published children's book, "Farm on the Hill" (Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2) by a fellow Iowan, Madeleine Darrough Horn.

Because of the Wood illustrations, "Farm on the Hill" was a collectors' item as soon as it hit the book-stands. The simple meticulous drawings are not only a perfect complement to Miss Horn's text of life on an Iowan farm, but as illustrations they stand among the best in their field.

Grandma and Grandpa—At the Walker Galleries you see Grandma patching a pair of overalls, Grandpa eating popcorn, the hired girl paring an apple, the hired man eating his lunch in a field, a boy having milking difficulties, manipulating an old-fashioned churn, or taking his Saturday night bath in a sturdy old wooden tub.

As simple as the subjects is the brown wrapping paper on which Wood has drawn them in charcoal, crayon, and tempora water-colors.



Popcorn for Grandpa, drawn on brown wrapping-paper by Grant Wood



Photographs Courtesy Walker Galleries

Grant Wood found that what he "really knew" was Iowa and some of its Grandmas

For the end-papers of the book Mr. Wood has taken a vermilion crayon and done a series of animal drawings which are as hilarious as a Silly Symphony. The "Profane Setting Hen" is about to loose a stream of invective over her eggs, a squirrel cracks open a nut and discovers a worm, a pig stares up at a cheery bird.

Grant Wood was born forty-four years ago on a farm near Cedar Rapids, Iowa. When he was ten years old his father died, leaving him to care for a farm, his mother, and his sisters. Grant managed to get through high school and Iowa State University, but not without a struggle. He has been a gardener, carpenter, house-painter, builder, watchman in a morgue, jeweler's assistant, and country school-master.

He had a genius for making pictures and for getting along with people easily. As a boy he drew on anything with a flat surface. At a training camp during the War he made sketches of his buddies and sold them at twenty-five cents a head to dough-boys, a dollar to officers.

What Wood Learned—In his numerous excursions to Europe, Grant Wood learned only that he belonged in America, and in Iowa.

"I lived in Paris a couple of years and grew a very spectacular beard that didn't match my face or my hair, and read Mencken and was convinced that the Middle West was inhibited and barren," Mr. Wood said.

"But I came back because I learned that French painting is very fine for the French people and not necessarily for us, and because I started out to analyze what it was that I really knew. I found out. It's Iowa.

"I'd found the answer when I joined a school of painters in Paris after the War

who called themselves neomeditationists. They believed an artist had to wait for inspiration, very quietly, and they did most of their writing at the Dome or the Rotonde, with brandy.

"It was then that I realized that all the really good ideas I'd ever had came to me when I was milking a cow. So I went back to Iowa."

Integrity of Iowa—He determined to paint his own Iowa people with all the integrity that had gone into the old European masterpieces.

"Woman With Plants" was a farm-woman, his mother. "American Gothic," with its typical gaunt long-faced farm-couple standing in front of their typical Gothic farmhouse, brought solid fame to Grant Wood. It was the most popular picture in the Century of Progress exposition at Chicago.

Chubby and shy, Grant Wood now teaches art at Iowa State University. He tries not to teach any special style or technique of painting, but only to help young artists paint the things they know about in whatever way they see them.

He wants to continue his easel painting, and he'd like to illustrate Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street." Meanwhile, he is plugging away at a book, "Return from Bohemia," which he hopes will discourage imitators and sycophants of the regional painting school.

"The same artists who did fake impressionistic pictures in Paris a few years ago are now busy with the American scene," said Mr. Wood. "God save it from them!"

Art Center for Rockies

Ever since Colorado Springs was settled in 1871 visitors have flocked there for two good reasons: 1. To bathe in the celebrated mineral springs at Manitou; 2. To scale Pike's Peak via cog-wheel railway and motor and gaze on the Garden of the Gods.

Next week Colorado Springs will give tourists still another reason for sending post-cards home when it throws open the doors of its new Fine Arts Center. The Center's first exhibition will include canvases by the best-known artists of the Modern school—Cézanne, Renoir, Gauguin, Modigliani, Van Gogh, Braque, Picasso, and Matisse.

Concerted efforts to make Colorado Springs one of the cultural centers of the Rocky Mountains West were crowned in 1919 with the establishment of the Broadmoor Art Academy.

Exhibitions, instructors, and lecturers were brought to the Academy to instill in the 33,000 citizens of The Springs and their 150,000-a-summer visitors an appreciation of art.

Last year the Academy was reincorporated as the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center and the program was expanded. In the new Center this summer there will be not only paintings, but examples of the plastic and graphic arts, as well as music and the drama.

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News of the Book World

Roots of America: A Travelog of American Personalities. By Charles Morrow Wilson. 316 pp. Illus. (New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company; \$3.)

There is a United States that lies behind the head-lines, emerging only upon the occasion of flood, hurricane, or other sudden death.

It dwells in rugged serenity. It knows things beyond the suburban ken, as, for instance, that farmlands became over-mechanized during the great expansion, so that chugging mechanical busybodies have been unable to earn their replacement costs and the despised heavy-duty work-horse is now on comeback bent.

Backwoods Wanderings—This result of progress was encountered by Charles Morrow Wilson and has been duly reported in his "Roots of America," a book of wayside palaver and backwoods wanderings containing other astonishments for those who require an electric motor even to squeeze the juice from lemons for a lemonade.

Jim, and Alf, the Pennsylvania hoss-wrangler, seem to have turned up something for the New Deal to ponder, for between them and Mr. Wilson the ingenious theory is developed that the acreage converted from horse pastures to crops just about accounts for the surplus held to be at the bottom of American agriculture's trials.



Resettlement Administration Photograph

From the frontispiece to Charles Morrow Wilson's "Roots of America"

Indeed, Paul Pfeiffer, plantation man, spoke in the same vein when he said, "Hard times have helped blot out wasteful and careless farming methods that can sometimes get by when times are good. They've forced thousands of acres of poor cotton- and corn-land back to grass—where the land should have been for generations."

But Mr. Wilson's informants concerning the state of the nation are not all farmers. There is Hastings A. Williams, owner of the crossroads store in Williamsville, Vermont, who, sure enough, had a second-hand pulpit to sell the betting traveling salesman. Mr. Williams meditates upon the responsibility of the family car for prying folks loose from their "native pivotings," but he also sells tires and new horns and fan-belts.

One-Sentence Economics — "There's no such thing as dead-sure merchandise," says Mr. Williams, thereby putting into one sentence what heads of great stores and college professors have required long books to deduce.

Be it crossroads or Park Avenue, the customer will want what he wants when he wants it and wo unto the merchant who forgets that "the burning soul of this nation, or any other nation, is the fire in the kitchen stove."

"There is some relief in finding a reporter on the back country who went out on the highways in search of solidity, of the rooted and changeless, and has come back with a full bag of facts, notions, and personalities," said Robert Van Gelder in the *New York Times*.

"This is a book of amiable good humor, of long, lazy talks after the cows are milked. It is a sympathetic portrait-gallery of grand-sires and gaffers who have hard, competent hands, and who are sure of themselves, and who still believe that their theories and ideas mean something because they worked them out rather than borrowed them. . . . His book is certainly worth reading for its easy humor and its hard-crowding facts."

Lewis Gannett in the *New York Herald Tribune*:

"This is a salty book about Americans who prefer kerosene to electricity, hitching

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Keep a Sharp Look Out for KIDNAPPERS, and have TOP EYE open.

APRIL 24, 1851.

Placard written by Theodore Parker and posted during one of his campaigns

posts to garages, buggies to automobiles, wild grass-land to plowed furrows, and think the Bible still the best textbook on farming. There is a genuine country aroma to the book, a pleasant rural twang, like that in Mr. Wilson's "Backwoods America."

"It's all good local color stuff, genuine Americana."

* * *

Theodore Parker. By Henry Steele Commager. 331 pp. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company; \$3.)

To each age is given its men of vigor and force. Theodore Parker, who did not live to witness the emancipation of the slaves by Abraham Lincoln, is still rated as one of the major dynamos who generated the terrific energy which was to break loose into the Civil War.

Mr. Commager, unlike too many of his contemporaries, has been content to allow his theological buzz-saw of a hero to hustle through these pages as the men of his time saw him, rather than as a more critical and captious generation would interpret him.

Theodore Parker was grandson of Captain John Parker, leader of Minute Men at Lexington. He had been gifted with an unusual brain which picked up and retained facts with all the greediness of a miser's hoarding of gold. He fairly raced through Harvard and was ordained despite an impatience with the theologians of his time.

A Realist—He was a realist in everything he took up. One result was an open clash with the Boston Unitarians over his rationalism. Espousing the cause of the fugitive slaves, he even contrived to get himself indicted as a violator of the peace. The court dropped him like a hot potato, however, and was thus spared a prodigious harangue.

He backed John Brown's raid on Harper's Ferry; he hung his grandfather's musket over the fireplace.

The industry of the man reminds the reader of those hard-working geniuses of

the Renaissance who took the whole world for their oyster. While fighting against "theological abstractions"—and his brethren in the clergy kept him busily occupied—he found time to dabble in languages and consume vast quantities of reading; to map out prodigious sermons; become a correspondent of European scientists interested in scientific progress in the New World; raise arms for John Brown; write for the newspapers and periodicals.

Irony—His death was an irony itself, for the man of so great and urgent a range of action succumbed to tuberculosis. He left his work undone but well along in progress.

He has been gone more than three-quarters of a century and much for which he fought so ardently is now set down in history as a dead issue. But the readers of Mr. Commager's biography will be inclined to agree, one ventures to predict, that not the least of the inheritance Theodore Parker bequeathed is the rich material from which has been fashioned this absorbingly powerful history of a farmer boy.

* * *

A Novel About a White Man and a Black Man in the Deep South. By James Saxon Childers. 276 pp. (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; \$2.50.)

Mr. Childers has ventured into troubled waters for the substance of a novel, the burden of which is that the race problem is the South's own, that Northern meddling is an unnecessary irritation and that, in the end, nothing has yet been settled.

Thus, the Black Man, *Dave*, who could compose a symphony, and the White Man, *Gordon*, who once played football with him in the North, arrive on the last page at stalemate. Their somewhat embarrassed farewell is that meaningless Americanism employed to bring an end to a situation, to wit, "So long."

Widening Gulf—The gulf that has widened between them is born of no single incident. Rather, it arises from a succession of incidents which in other circumstances would have been calculated to draw them closer together. There was their football at college. There was *Gordon's* admiration for *Dave's* music and his resentment at the unfairness of the charge brought against the Black Man—that he had plotted setting fire to *The Times* building.

Gordon got *Dave* a good lawyer and the composer was acquitted. The author uses the occasion to speak his own mild reproof, writing: "The trial judge later told two Northern newspaper men who interviewed him that it was a verdict of which he approved.

"Then he went on:

"I'm an old man now and all my life I've tried to learn the curious workings of men's minds; but I find it difficult to understand the North's attitude toward our great inter-racial difficulties in the Southland. Tell me, gentlemen, what are you people trying to do? Would you cure a slow-healing wound by rubbing sand into it?"

This, then, would be not a reply to but, perhaps, the other side of the Southern story told by Erskine Caldwell or William Faulkner. Its appeal is honestly sincere and its narrative is temperate.

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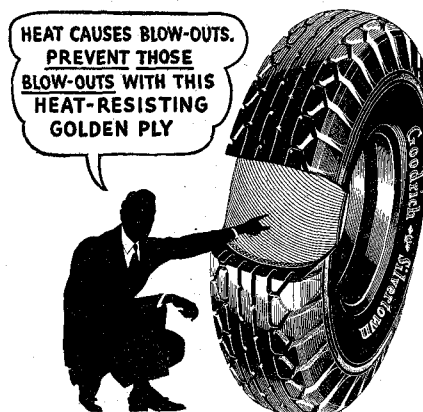
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2. Silvertowns also have an amazing "road drying" tread. At the first sign of a skid, *three* center ribs sweep away the water—a regular "windshield-wiper" action that gives the double outer row of husky Silvertown cleats a *drier* surface to grip. Thus, you get maximum protection against dangerous "tail-spin" skids.

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With Life-Saver Golden Ply Blow-Out Protection

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See your Agent now. Or write for special literature, to 604 Fifth Avenue, New York, 110 So. Dearborn Street, Chicago, or 760 Stuart Building, Seattle (Head Office).



THE SHORT ROUTE TO THE ORIENT

Current Poetry

Unpublished poetry is not used in this department. Contributions unaccompanied by postage will not be returned

GHOSTS IN MALAHIDE

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

Who dwelt in Malahide?
Queens that too long have died ...
(Let nothing be your guide,
O nothing said ...)
Wait where the wet stones tower
Now at the darkest hour
Where these wrecked turrets lower
Over their dead;

Wait till a light wind lifts
Strange mist that swirls and drifts
Chill where the small rain sifts
Back from lost nights,
Watch till the stars, uncertain,
Prick through the storm's black curtain,
Making low sounds uncertain,
Making faint lights.

Are there dim cries, that fierce,
Once, hard and loud, could pierce
Through these dream-stones that scarce
Build their mist-wall?
Warfare and death and guilt
Too long forgot, have built
Scarcely a dream-sword's hilt,
Scarcely a low call.

Who dwelt in Malahide?
Queens that too long have died ...
What of their loves that cried,
Anguished, defiled?
Nothing of all old power
Wakes in this darkest hour:
Here is a silent tower,
Dumb in the wild.

—Silhouettes.

INSIGHT

BY MARIE OLSEN

My father sits in a chair, gazing ahead, finding nothing.

I hear my mother weep as she dries dishes.
I hear myself asking for new dresses,
The others have them.

No one should see a man cry,
Never his children.

My parents trust in God; they say there is reason for trouble,
That God is trying them.
They have been tried enough.
They have been changed too much.

No one should see a man cry,
Never his children.

—From "Columbia Poetry."
(Columbia University Press)

SPRING SONG

BY FRANKIE

How you goin' to keep her on a city square
When the sap begins to rise?
When, awake or sleeping, garden-spots
Appear before her eyes
She'll go stark mad some April night
And dig up the hyacinths, pink and white,
That grow in the Shepards' window-box,
And fork up a pair of those Belgian blocks,
Letting them fly, with a mighty swing
Right thro' the windows of Maxie Schling;
Throw plantain-seed and milkweed pod
On Radio City's cloud-kissed sod.
And set out a packet of blue moonflowers
To climb on a string up the Waldorf Towers,
Fill the sprinkling carts with Chanel perfume
—And what price that, when the lilacs
bloom!—
And picket the streets with a placard smart—
"Spring's Unfair to the Country Heart."

—The Conning Tower, New York Herald Tribune.



Stanton A. Coblenz, author of eleven books of prose and verse and compiler of two poetic anthologies, is editor of *Wings, A Quarterly of Verse*, which he founded

"ALL SONGS ARE SUNG!"

BY STANTON A. COBLENTZ

"All songs are sung, all tunes are old," you say,
"All noble legends have been voiced in rime."

Then do the fingers of onswEEPing time
No longer point from day to altering day?
Do brides no longer smile, or children play,
Or storms grow black, or ruffians bleed with crime,
Or sunset blush, or music peal the chime
Of some dim loveliness for which we pray?

Ah, when in after-years the hills are worn
To windy dust, the darkening sun turns cold,
Still, in the ice-fields, poets will be born
To hymn new meanings, missed by bards of old,
While still the jaded crowd shall cry, in scorn,
"Alas, all songs are sung, all stories told!"

—The Commonwealth.

DECEMBER IN THE TROPICS

BY JAMES NORMAN HALL

The palm-trees slope against the sky
As still as they were painted so ...
Very strange it is that I
Stand under them, knee-deep in snow.

In other lands as green as this
Are other men, perhaps, like me,
Listening to the seething hiss
Of snowflakes falling endlessly.

Oh, kindly hills of home! that keep
For us who left them years ago
A wintry silence, muffled deep
In newly fallen, immortal snow.

—The Atlantic Monthly.

THE DIFFERENCE

BY ETHEL ROMIG FULLER

From life's bonfire
With bare hands,
Impetuous youth
Snatches brands.

To stir the embers
Of old loves,
Age, grown cautious,
Draws on gloves.

—New York American.

Press**"No Reporters Present"****The Fourth Estate Is Ready With Piping-Hot Gridiron**

Look at the cover of this, the twenty-four hundredth issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST. There you will see the date April 18, 1936, and the President of the United States, surrounded by seven top-flight Washington correspondents.

On that date Franklin D. Roosevelt is to be the guest of those seven arch-councilors of the Fourth Estate and forty-three of their fellow members of the famed Gridiron Club.

Red-Hot Grid—It is an elite, restrictive sept of the journalistic clan which semi-annually stages an ebulliently informal dinner in the spacious, gilded, Victorian ballroom on the top floor of the Willard Hotel at Washington, D. C.

There are only fifty newspaper men on the Gridiron Club's active list.

There are a few associate members, professional entertainers who add pep to stunts and satires concocted by the Club's wits to lampoon guests on its piping-hot "gridiron."

Nothing Sacred—There is nothing political which is sacrosanct to the scribes' ironical whimsy on April 18. When the ballroom's double doors slam shut on the four estates—executive, legislative, judicial, and journalistic-inside—the Gridiron Club's strictest rule goes into effect, "No reporters are ever present."

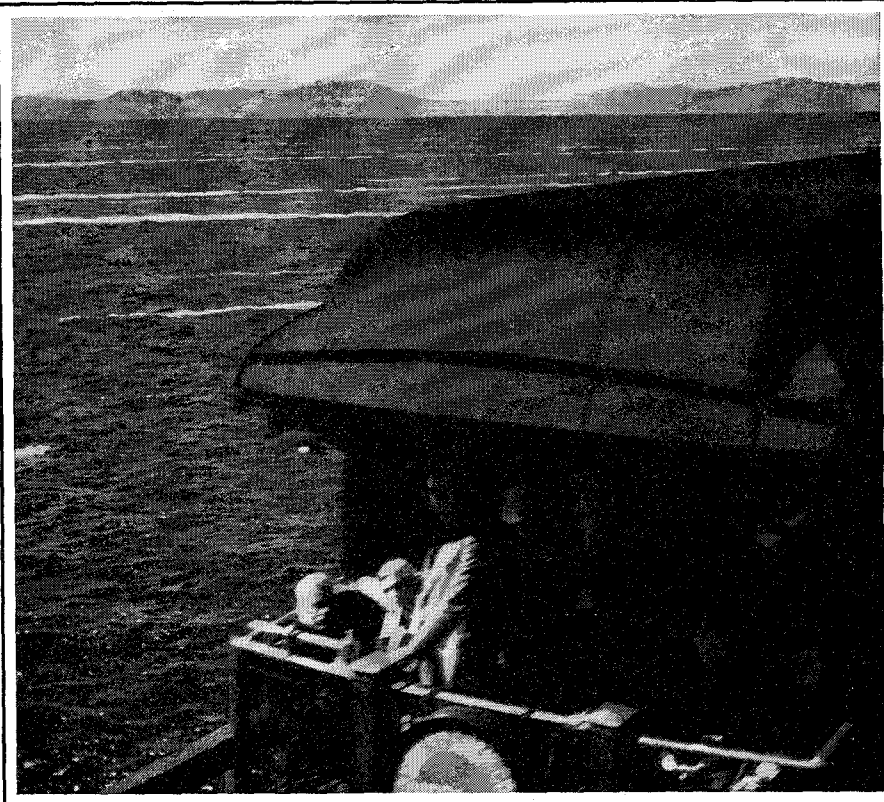
There will be nothing new in the President's meeting the gentlemen of the press informally. He does that twice a week, every Wednesday and Friday, while at the White House.

If you stroll into the Executive Office lobby a few minutes before a scheduled semiweekly press conference, you will see it jam-packed with almost 200 men and a few women. They represent more than 300 important American dailies, the four major press-associations (Associated Press, United Press, International News Service, and Universal Service), a score of foreign newspapers and news-agencies, and magazines of affairs.

President's Seat—If you did slip past the falcon-eyed guards, you would find the President sitting at a desk with the windows overlooking the White House lawn at his back.

Several correspondents may hear their first names called out cheerfully, and there are smiles for every one. The President often leans back in his chair, crosses his legs, selects a cigarette of a standard brand, and fits it carefully into a holder. After lighting it, he may not touch it until it smolders to its end, for the questions may distract his attention.

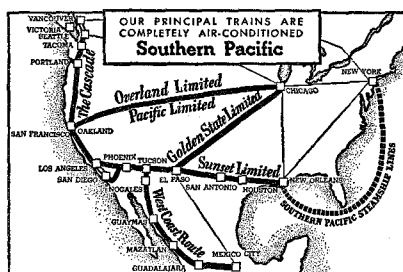
Correspondents do not smoke, not because smoking is forbidden, but because only the President has an ash-tray. The conference may last only ten minutes, or it might run to an hour. Many a question may be answered by a shrug, a wave of the

**Bee line****To save 44 miles, the Overland Limited goes to sea**

A few miles west of Ogden, Utah, passengers on Southern Pacific's luxurious *Overland Limited* rub their eyes in amazement. For the train heads boldly out to sea toward a distant watery horizon.

The sea is Great Salt Lake. It is spanned by the Lucin Causeway, a daring railroad construction feat that makes a bee line for 31 miles from shore to shore. Built to save 44 miles, the Lucin Causeway is another reason why America's first transcontinental railroad is the shortest line between the east and San Francisco.

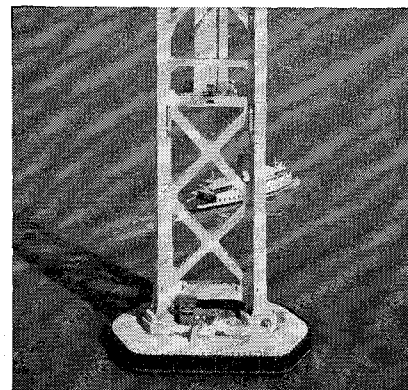
Strangest lake in America is Great Salt Lake. It is the saltiest body of water on earth, save one.* Even skinny swimmers float in it with ease, must keep their feet submerged lest they turn turtle. Here recently a flock of pelicans became so heavily encrusted with salt that they could not fly, proved the legend that birds can be caught by putting salt on their tails.

**Free sidetrip**

On the shore of Great Salt Lake, 36 miles from Ogden, lies Salt Lake City, whose streets are kept clean by running water, whose great Mormon Tabernacle is built of

*The Dead Sea

wood without a single nail. To all *Overland Limited* and *Pacific Limited* through passengers who wish it, Southern Pacific gives a free sidetrip to Salt Lake City.

**Delightful ending**

Western terminal of Southern Pacific's *Overland Route* is San Francisco, whose two tremendous bridges now dwarf all other attractions of this well-loved city. Delightful ending of your *Overland Limited* or *Pacific Limited* trip across the continent is the ferry ride across San Francisco Bay, passing under a span of the San Francisco-Oakland Bay Bridge.

Write Mr. Bartlett

For an interesting booklet, "How to see the whole Pacific Coast," write O. P. Bartlett, Dept. LD-42, 310 So. Michigan Blvd., Chicago. It tells you how to see more of the west by going on one of Southern Pacific's Four Scenic Routes and returning on another. Low summer roundtrip fares east and west start May 15.

Southern Pacific



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GET three vacations... for the price of one! Castle-like Banff... continental Lake Louise... rustic Emerald Lake! Dancing, swimming, tennis, golf! Riding and hiking skyline trails! Reduced summer round trip fares to Banff, North Pacific Coast, California, Alaska.

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2 days at Banff, 2 days at Lake Louise with visit to Emerald Lake.

From BANFF or FIELD— **\$55**
All Expenses...

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Tours Begin at Banff or Field—Starting June 18th from Banff, westbound, and June 20th from Field, eastbound, until Sept. 15th. All are first class. All include transportation from Banff to Field (or Field to Banff), modern hotel room, meals. 126 Miles of Mountain Motoring. Stopovers at regular rates. Extra reductions for stays of two weeks or more. Half rate for children under 12 occupying same room as parent. Add rail fare to Banff (or Field). Banff Springs Hotel open June 13th to Sept. 15th; Chateau Lake Louise and Emerald Lake Chalet, June 20th to Sept. 15th.

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WASHINGTON, D. C. MINNEAPOLIS CINCINNATI
ATLANTA SEATTLE PORTLAND TACOMA
TORONTO MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

hand, or a smile which may mean quite as much as a five-minute explanation.

Oral Questions—Yet, this smiling informality does not mean that the President is free with his words. There may not be direct replies; often there is artful dodging, but the reporters are glad that this President permits oral questioning, because they get the satisfaction of seeing the effect of a question on their host.

President Roosevelt's skill in hedging on subjects he wishes to avoid is exceptional. His tactics are truly artistic, he creates his own atmosphere, and never loses his complete mastery of the conference.

As his reelection campaign draws ever nearer, the President skitters over more and more questions, giving out much less information directly. He has greatly perfected his evasive methods, such as, "That sounds like sewing-circle talk," or "I haven't read that."

Current Chronicler—Nevertheless, correspondents still attend the conferences. Over there in the lower right-hand part of the room (as on this LITERARY DIGEST cover), alone and erect, stands Mark Sullivan, chronicler of "Our Times." He is the ruddy-faced, snowy-crested king of the Capital's newspaper royalty.

Conservative, well-tailored and unobtrusive in his attire, he looks and acts up to his rôle of "gentleman among newspaper men." Seldom, if ever, has any one heard this erstwhile member of ex-President Hoover's "medicine-ball cabinet" ask a question. He just listens with a somber expression in his china-blue eyes, never taking a note.

His New York Herald Tribune Syndicate articles appear in seventy-two American newspapers three times a week.

Not Austere—Tho the New York Times always is represented at Presidential press conferences by two or three men, their keen, thoughtful bureau-chief, Arthur Krock, seldom is with them. If you did see the heavy-set, dark-complexioned news-commentator with his black hair graying at the temples, you might think him austere and

unapproachable, for he is naturally quiet and serious-minded. But you would be wrong.

One working newspaper man who finds these conferences valuable is Ashmun N. Brown, the Providence Journal's portly, square-jawed, gray-haired Correspondent. Like the President, he wears pince-nez, and uses a cigarette-holder.

He believes that the President has received, and continues to receive, at the hands of the correspondents, more kindness and consideration than was accorded to any of his predecessors in office back to the first Roosevelt.

Distinguished Looking—J. Fred Essary, the Baltimore Sun's tall, erect, distinguished-looking chief, finds press conferences worth attending because the President permits oral questioning. Essary, in his English-cut tweeds and bow-tie, often is seen in the room.

Nervous Energy—Raymond Clapper, swart, nervous, energetic writer for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance, has no hesitation in questioning the President. He will thrust forward his head, look at Mr. Roosevelt with an intense, serious stare, and immediately jot down his answer, if any.

Clear Voice—Sometimes, the soft, clear voice of Arthur Sears Henning, of the Chicago Tribune Press Service, is heard in the oval room. This six-footer with steady, warm, brown eyes, and gray-white hair reminiscent of Elihu Root, is regarded as one of the best Washington correspondents.

Skit Producer—All these correspondents are members of the Gridiron Club. So is Walker S. Buel, of the Cleveland Plain Dealer. Some of the skits at the Gridiron dinner will be his work. He is clever at arranging musical parodies and in digging up old songs, his hobby.

He is popular among his colleagues, with his hail-fellow-well-met personality, and capacity for enjoying everything going on around him.

On April 18 there will be a great deal going on around the President and the press in the ballroom of the Willard Hotel.



© Harris & Ewing



© International

Frederic William Wile (left) and David Lawrence, whose comments on the current scene are known to millions of radio listeners as well as to newspaper readers

Journalistic *Little Nemo*

Editor of "World's Smallest Newspaper" Crashes New York

In the first place, be alert, not lazy. Get new ideas. Original ideas make you a success. You must have writing in you, but don't get foolish. Don't get mixed up in politics, be neutral, you may make enemies on the other side. Give advantage to your points. Don't gyp. Remember with Andrew Carnegie "quality before quantity." Admit your mistakes when wrong.

If you want to succeed in journalism, follow the above rules, Bruce Reginald ("Buster") Hoefer, one-man staff of the Sheboygan (Wis.) *Weekly* (Ind.), advises. His words carry weight, for he has been reporter, copy-reader, editor, advertising and circulation manager, cartoonist, printer, and publisher of "The World's Smallest Newspaper" for nearly three years.

At eleven, "Buster" has crashed metropolitan journalism, for his "Special Easter & Birthday Issue," Vol. 3, No. 7, a twenty-eight page 6½ by 8½ inch newspaper, printed in violet ink on a duplicating machine, was published in New York City. There were 400 copies of this edition, containing news, editorials, and advertisements, all "Buster's" work.

News-Gatherers—There is nothing of the smart Aleck or temperamental child prodigy about this fifth-grade schoolboy. Poised, and at ease, with a cherubic expression in his slightly dreamy eyes, he answered a LITERARY DIGEST reporter's broad questions about world affairs in a manner befitting a full-fledged news-gatherer.

Natural in speech, manner, and actions, "Buster" likes all the things a youngster of his age relishes—ice cream and cake, funny papers, mystery-stories, *Charlie Chan*, swimming, baseball, and marbles.

Now What—But listen to an excerpt from his editorial, "Now What," in the current *Sheboygan Weekly*:

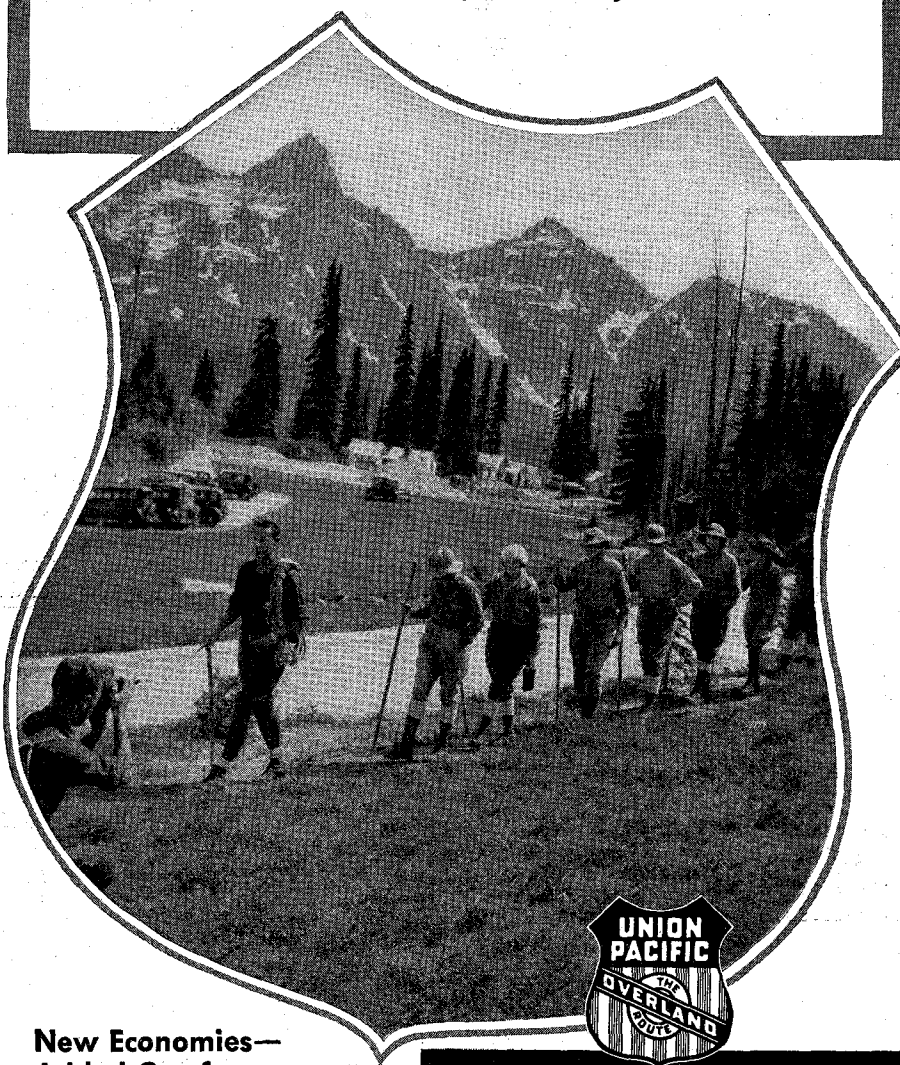
"When I went to New York, on the way, there were many men in the road working, which I think are the WPA workers. Now I don't know why the government needs these men. Why there are more flag men, or men who warn us what is ahead, than workers. Sometimes I wonder if they are really dumb or what, because when we were driving along, a flagman comes up and says to go real slow, for men are working, and he looks real serious too. But as though a human-being can't see men working. But—when we come to the men, who are supposed to be working, what do we see? A bunch of loafers taking their sweat time and watching the cars that go by. Why does the government tell these men, that they are being paid for something done and not paid for loafing. Why when I'm in some business office, a man might say that he's been working every minute he could and no money would come in. Of course there is work like that. But when you see these WPA workers loafing, do they deserve to get paid? Of course not.

"The Government shouldn't spend money foolish. Because they know that they will be in a terrible debt, if they keep spending money on nothing."

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● Up in the northwest corner of our country there's a great, green empire that thousands have discovered to be one of the very *finest* of vacationlands. It has mountains; virgin forests; world-famed waterfalls; great rivers flowing into the sea. It has Puget Sound; mighty Mt. Rainier; such fascinating cities as Portland, Tacoma, Seattle. Up there life takes on new interest, color, zest . . . and everywhere are splendid opportunities for play and recreation.

● Go this summer. Enjoy the air-conditioned comfort of Union Pacific trains; the economy of low-fare travel; the novel experience of a trip on The Streamliner—"City of Portland," or the famous Portland Rose. Return by way of California and spectacular Boulder Dam if you like. And at very little added expense you can include Yellowstone, Colorado, Zion-Bryce-Grand Canyon National Parks or the Western Dude Ranch Country. *Union Pacific serves them all.*



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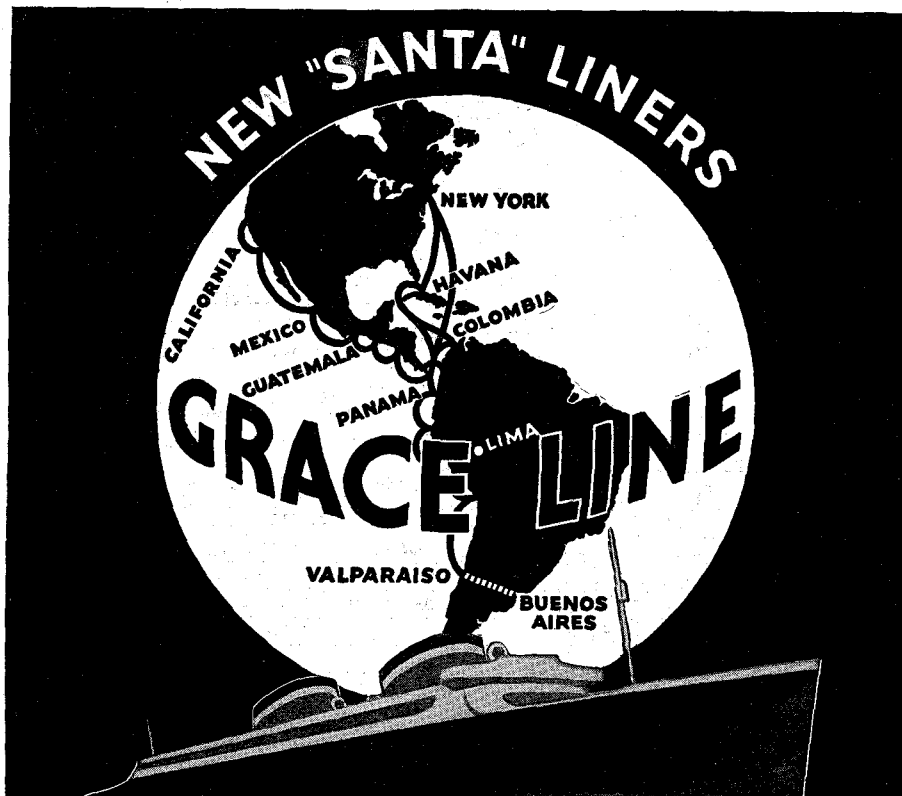
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OR BETWEEN NEW YORK AND SOUTH AMERICA—39-Day all-expense cruises to Valparaíso, Chile, and return—10,500 miles! 17 Caribbean and South American Cities!—Or to the interior of Peru, Cuzco, Lake Titicaca, from \$500. 25 and 32-Day all-expense cruises to Lima, Peru, from \$350. Consult your travel agent or GRACE Line, New York; Chicago; San Francisco; Los Angeles.



Emily Post

WEDDING GIFTS

Here are two books that have a logical place among every bride's most prized presents—both by the world's recognized authority upon good taste. "Etiquette" is now in its thirty-eighth printing. "The Personality of a House" leads the list of books on home design, furnishing, and decoration.

ETIQUETTE

The Blue Book of Social Usage

BY EMILY POST

The standard authority wherever good taste is a requirement. "It stands out in any group of similar books by reason of its authority, its clarity, its scope, and its infinite attention to detail," says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. Information on personal manners and social customs in every phase of life, practically from the

cradle to the grave, is presented with numerous photographic illustrations of table-settings, flat silver, etc. 8vo, 758 pages. Cloth binding, \$4.00; by mail, \$4.18.

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Handsome Full Flexible Leather, gilt-edged paper, with title in gold. Neatly boxed, \$7.50; by mail, \$7.68.

THE PERSONALITY OF A HOUSE

The Blue Book of Home Design and Decoration

BY EMILY POST

This volume does for the American home what "Etiquette" did and is doing for American manners. Delightfully original, it tells how to make every type of American home express, in its architecture, colors, and setting, all that is most attractive in the personality of its occupants. Devoted mainly to the interior—the best decorative effects, the right furniture, rugs, hangings, etc.—it is as rich in sug-

gestions for the apartment-dweller as for the house-owner. Mrs. Post's chapters on color are the best expositions of the subject ever written. Over 100 text illustrations, 63 full-page half-tone reproductions, and a color chart. 8vo, 537 pages. Cloth binding, \$4.00; by mail, \$4.18.

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At All Bookstores, or from

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Publishers, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Nature

200-Mile-an-Hour Death

Fiercer Than Fire, Swifter Than Flood, Tornado Hits Dixie

Fiercer than fire, swifter than flood, more deadly than either, tornadoes are one force against which man stands impotent.

They are small, whirling, local land-storms with a diameter of a few hundred feet. Their rate of translation is about twenty to thirty miles an hour. Their speed of rotation at the center, however, is 200 miles or more an hour.

They differ from hurricanes, which are ocean-storms, with a diameter varying from twenty to thirty miles, a translation speed of ten to fifteen miles an hour, and a rotation rate around the center of seventy-five to 100 miles an hour.

Out of the spring skies one struck in six Southern States last week. Mississippi was hit; Georgia, Tennessee, Alabama, South Carolina, and Arkansas.

Hundreds were killed—the precise number may never be known—hundreds more injured. Thousands were rendered homeless. The full, appalling property damage has not been accurately estimated.

Funnel-Shape—Tupelo, Mississippi, little TVA town of 10,000, first to utilize Muscle Shoals power, was the first sizable city to be struck by the funnel-shaped wind.

It roared in at night. With the thunder of an express-train it tore up trees, swept pedestrians to destruction, overturned cars, crumpled stout buildings, and—passed.

As those who had escaped uninjured rushed to the aid of the wounded and dying; while police and volunteers searched the ruins for victims, sporadic fires broke out. Gas-connections had been torn awry. Fumes filled the air. Water-pressure was low. Hydrants were buried under debris. Fresh panic and terror swept through the town.

Fortunately, rain fell, heavy rain. It helped to extinguish flames. Further loss of life was averted. But, later, when the smoke had cleared, and the wreckage had been combed, Tupelo sorrowfully counted its dead: 195 out of the total of 211 storm-killed in the State.

Heroic Rescues—Out of the aftermath came stories of rescues, heroism, miraculous escapes. One man saved his wife and children by thrusting them down a man-hole when the storm was almost upon them.

A woman saved herself and her pet canary by taking refuge in a huge refrigerator. These are experiences of the fortunate. The tales of many who tried to save themselves and failed never will be known.

From Tupelo the tornado raged on, particularly in Georgia.

Centering especially on Gainesville, the seat of Hall County, thirty-four miles north of Atlanta, it razed the business district of that city of some 9,000 inhabitants.

In three minutes, just before 9 A.M., it wiped out fourteen city blocks, part of the residential district, caused some \$5,000,000 property damage, and took 185 lives.

Of these deaths, 125 occurred in one two-

story building, a factory. The workers were trapped when, as one eye-witness describes it: "Brick, wood, and tin collapsed all around us with a thunderous crash. . . . It happened with lightning swiftness."

As in Tupelo, fires broke out, after the storm had passed. Once again firemen and rescuers were hampered. Once again there was rain, which, however, did not quench the flames, but did hamper rescue-work.

The total known dead is listed at 421 for all States. A tentative estimate places the property damage at \$25,000,000. More than 2,000 were injured.

Aside from Georgia and Mississippi, the tornado dead are listed: Tennessee, 12; Alabama, 11; Arkansas and South Carolina, one each.

Red Cross—The American Red Cross, tho wearied from its recent efforts in the great flood, rushed help and supplies to the wind-struck area, and found itself working on an emergency basis.

William M. Baxter, Manager of the Mid-western area, announced that the organization had more workers in the field than at any other time in the last five years.

"We have more than 500 nurses and experienced workers in the nation's flood and tornado-stricken territory," he said, and announced calls to chapter-heads to answer emergency assignments.

Swift on the heels of the tornado, word was flashed that rivers were rising in the South as the result of torrential rains. Panic-filled residents in some of the low-lying areas adjacent to the Ohio, Cumberland, Tennessee, and Mississippi Rivers were ready to flee. In some cities they abandoned their homes.

Rebuilding Plans—Meanwhile, plans for rebuilding the devastated cities of Tupelo and Gainesville are under way. Two thousand relief-workers, including CCC and WPA employees, and National Guardsmen have been busy in Gainesville endeavoring to restore order. Tupelo also is rehabilitating itself.

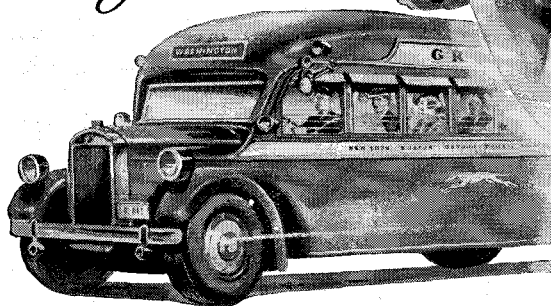
But until both cities are on their feet again, the Red Cross workers will remain on the job. Federal aid also has been forthcoming.



© Memphis Commercial Appeal; From Wide World

Tupelo, Mississippi—after the tornado

"Now
I know how
Columbus
felt—



I'VE DISCOVERED AMERICA!"



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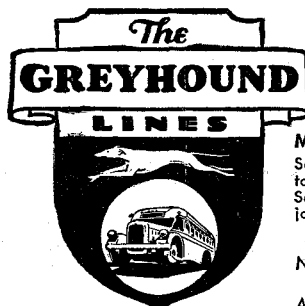
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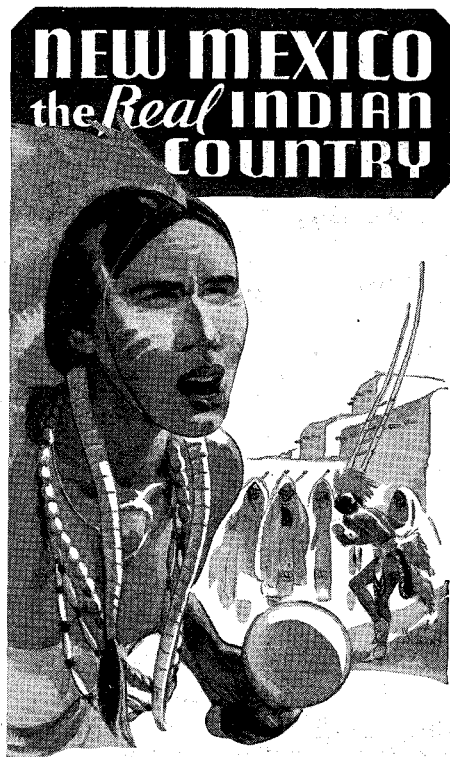


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Crime

Karpis: Most Elusive Public Enemy

U. S. Still Hunting Aid of Mother Barker in "Spawn of Hell" Gang

On the lonely pinnacle of crime occupied by each successive Public Enemy No. 1 the jittery occupant scrambles about till a bullet or prison nips his career.

It was so with Al Capone, first Public Enemy No. 1, now in Alcatraz Prison—with John Dillinger, "Baby Face" Nelson, and "Pretty Boy" Floyd, all of whom died amid a rataplan of gunfire.

But "the most dangerous lawbreaker" in the experience of J. Edgar Hoover, head of the Division of Investigation, Department of Justice, was never known as No. 1.

"Strange as it may seem to some people, that person was not John Dillinger, 'Baby Face' Nelson, nor any of the rest of our so-called No. 1 public enemies, but a woman," says Mr. Hoover in an *American Magazine* article on which Courtney Ryley Cooper collaborated.

"The most vicious, dangerous, and resourceful criminal brain this country has produced for many years belonged to a person called 'Mother Barker' by scores of satellites.

"**'Spawn of Hell'**"—"In her sixty years or so this woman reared a spawn of hell. Of her four sons, one was a mail robber, another a holdup man, and the remaining pair were highwaymen, kidnapers, wanton murderers. To a great extent their criminal careers were directly traceable to their mother; to her they looked for guidance, for daring resourcefulness. They obeyed her implicitly. So, too, did the other members of the Barker-Karpis gang of hoodlums, highwaymen, kidnapers, and murderers which she headed.

"Yet, she liked to hum hymns, and at one time in her life, at least, she was deeply religious and a church attendant.

"Crime travels into strange places for its recruits. For Mother Barker it reached into a farmhouse in the Ozark Mountains."

Her long criminal career ended at Ocala, Florida, on January 16, 1935, when Mr. Hoover's agents discovered her hide-out and shot her dead after she had turned a machine-gun on them. Her son Fred was killed with her.

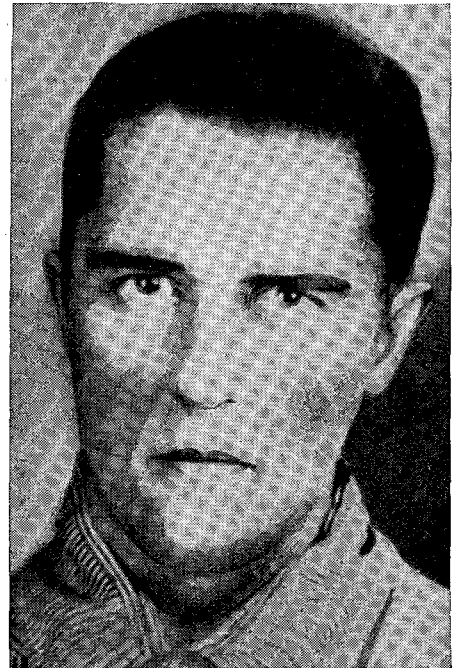
New Enemy No. 1—One of Mother Barker's associates, Alvin Karpis, a slender man of twenty-six with brown hair and blue eyes, now holds the title of Public Enemy No. 1. Unofficial, it has been conferred by newspapers and the public. Only one criminal ever has been officially designated No. 1 by the Government. He was John Dillinger, and the designation was made by Attorney General Cummings.

Capone, commonly regarded as the vice overlord of Chicago, got his No. 1 title from the Chicago Crime Commission in 1930. Successful in eluding prosecution for any racketeering association, he was tripped for failing to pay his income tax and sentenced to serve eleven years.

As current holder of the No. 1 title, Karpis is wanted chiefly for questioning

in the kidnaping of Edward G. Bremer at St. Paul, Minnesota, on January 17, 1934. Bremer, a thirty-seven-year-old bank President, was released twenty-two days later, after the kidnapers extorted \$200,000.

Since then Karpis has been hunted all over the country. He has shot his way out of two ambushes. Only a week or two



Keystone

Alvin Karpis—"Public Enemy No. 1"

ago, Federal agents raided an Arkansas farmhouse, but Karpis was not there. His record includes sentences for burglary, two escapes from prison.

Unofficially designated as Public Enemies No. 2 and No. 3 are William Mahan and Thomas H. Robinson.

Mahan, who is known by no fewer than twenty-seven aliases, was born in North Dakota thirty-three years ago. He is of medium weight and height, has black hair and brown eyes. Sentenced to serve twenty years for robbery in Idaho in 1927, he was pardoned by the State Pardon Board in 1933 and less than two years later was being hunted on the kidnaping charge.

This was the abduction of nine-year-old George Weyerhaeuser, of Tacoma, heir to a lumber fortune, who was released unharmed eight days after his abduction on May 24, 1935. A ransom of \$200,000 was paid to get him back.

As Public Enemy No. 3, Thomas H. Robinson, a tall, slender man of twenty-nine, with black hair and gray eyes, is wanted for the kidnaping of Mrs. Alice Speed Stoll, member of a prominent Louisville, Kentucky, family, on October 10, 1934. She was released after her family paid a ransom of \$50,000. Because of Robinson's eccentricities, the police expected his early capture, but he has eluded them for two and one-half years.

Legal Opera Bouffe

Punch-Drunk Reporters Relieved at Curtain on Hauptmann Case

While a Maspeth, Long Island, crematory was reducing to ashes the clay that had been Bruno Richard Hauptmann, punch-drunk crime reporters who had outlasted many a weird round of incredible events turned gratefully to routine assignments.

All were agreed that never before had they seen anything like the Trenton, New Jersey, legal *opera bouffe*, during which the convicted kidnaper-slayer of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., awaited his oft-deferred turn in the electric chair.

So confused was everything and every one, they recalled, that Mrs. Hauptmann, who had bought a black dress in anticipation of her husband's death, was wearing a smart spring suit and gay yellow waist on the night of his execution. But she wore the black one at Maspeth.

Thereafter New York and New Jersey authorities pushed their investigation of the story that had given Hauptmann his final seventy-two-hour lease on life. It was the story of Paul H. Wendel, disbarred Trenton attorney, arrested as the kidnaper two days before Hauptmann was to die.

Story of Torture—Wendel said he had been kidnaped in Brooklyn, whisked to New Jersey, and there tortured into a confession which he later repudiated.

Describing the behind-the-scenes events, Richard L. Tobin, crack crime reporter for the New York *Herald Tribune*, sighs: "There never was a murder case like this."

Mr. Tobin tells of the night Wendel's arrest startled newspaper men and officials. At a hotel was Attorney General David T. Wilentz.

"Wilentz got a phone call," Mr. Tobin relates. A few minutes later the Attorney General returned, his jaw sagging.

"I don't like to disturb you gentlemen," he said, lighting a fresh cigar, "but it might interest you to know that a man is being questioned for the Lindbergh crime."

Prosecutor Amazed—As Prosecutor Marshall of Mercer County—where the Lindbergh kidnaping occurred—dallied over his breakfast eggs he was amazed to read in the morning paper that Wendel was being held, not on suspicion of larceny or for questioning, as he had supposed, but as the slayer in Hauptmann's place.

He rushed to his jail, Mr. Tobin relates, and scratched his head, murmuring: "I don't know anything at all! I go to bed with Hauptmann in the chair and wake up with two Lindbergh murderers. If I had any sense I would resign and move my family over into Pennsylvania."

Long after Hauptmann had expiated the crime, a grand jury continued to dally with Wendel. Its deliberations continued to threaten the political future of Gov. Harold G. Hoffman.

But the inquiry by a committee of the Legislature which distinguished Princeton citizens had demanded and which the Governor said he would welcome, appeared more and more unlikely. Poor politics in a campaign year, many thought.



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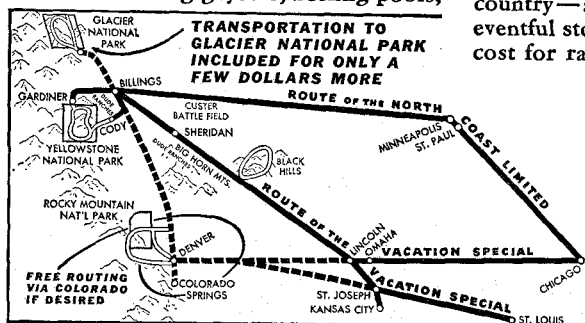
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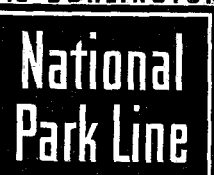
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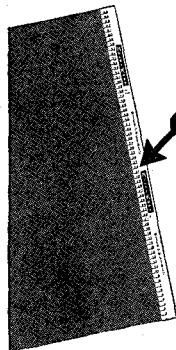


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Sport and Sportsmen

Cushions, Concentration, and Luck

Billiard-Game Is a Tangle of Higher Geometry and Good Fortune

To the novice billiard-player the problem of making one small, ivory cue-ball carom off two others involves considerable concentration—and luck.

When rules require that the cue-ball hit at least three cushions of the table after it hits the first and before it hits the second ball, the problem becomes, for him, a hopeless tangle of higher geometry, and good fortune.

In ordinary, "straight-rail" billiards, whose only requirement is that the cue-ball carom off the other two, champions have made as many as 3,000 points in a row. But, in three-cushion, no one ever has scored more than twenty-five points consecutively.

Skill and Luck—In this combination of difficulty, skill, and luck lies the fascination of the game. Like the golf-duffer who makes a hole in one on his first attempt, then spends a lifetime trying to duplicate the feat, an inexperienced three-cushion player may make a high run early in his career, and never repeat it. But, to become an expert, he must spend years studying angles, and practising.

Youngest of the billiard-games, three-cushion was first played in this country in the 'seventies. How its more simple progenitors originated is in doubt. Some historians cite the game witnessed by Anacharsis in his travels through ancient Greece as the forerunner of billiards. Others date it back to second century Ireland, still others to the Crusades. Most authorities agree it had been played in Europe for three centuries before it was brought to America.

"Father of Billiards"—The first billiard-tournament was held in this country in 1859, when Michael Phelan, "father of American billiards," won \$15,000 and the title in Detroit. Four balls and a six-pocket table were used.

Seventeen years later three-ball "straight-rail" was introduced. The table had no pockets; the only requirement was to bounce the cue-ball off the other two.

The reign of Jacob Schaefer, Sr., known as "The Wizard" among professional billiard-players, brought rapid developments in the game, and, indirectly, led to the acceptance of three-cushion for tournament-play. Schaefer was an expert at "nursing." He would get the balls against a cushion and keep scoring point after point.

To open up the game to others, officials introduced a "balk-line" in 1883 after Schaefer had ruled the tournaments for four years. Lines eight inches away from, and paralleling, each of the four cushions, were drawn on the table-surface. When the

object-balls were within an area between the balk-line and the cushion, the player had to drive at least one of them across the line. In the center space "nursing" was permitted.

Constant Winner—Schaefer kept on winning. The lines were widened to fourteen inches. He continued to win. Finally, at eighteen inches, the restriction was halted. In the modern game of 18.2, the player must drive at least one ball out of the restricted space on the second stroke. In 18.1, no longer played in this country, he must drive it out on the first stroke.

Meanwhile, three-cushion billiards had come into some popularity. An off-shoot of balk-line, it had more possibilities as a spectator game. Balk-line, as played by experts, was becoming monotonous. Spectators lost interest except in high-runs, difficult massés, or three-cushion shots.

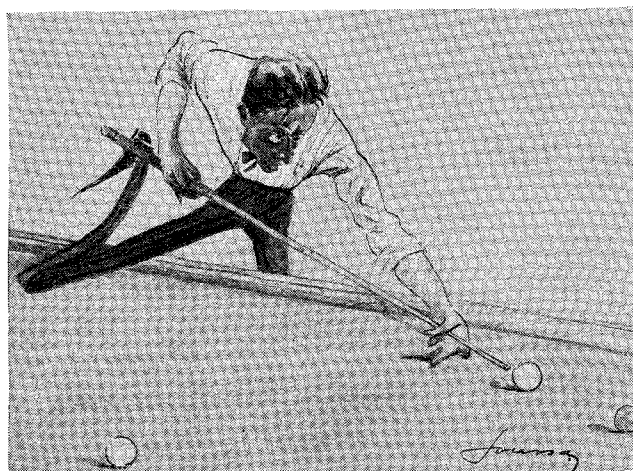
In 1878, Leon Magnus, a left-hander, won the first informal three-cushion tournament held in St. Louis. In the face of opposition from pocket-billiards and balk-line adherents, Tom Foley introduced the game to Chicago in the 'nineties.

Jack Doyle dared the same opposition with a New York tournament in 1907. By 1912, the game had caught public favor, and the first official world's championship was held.

Amateur Game—Still more recent has been the development of amateur three-cushion billiards, which is completely independent of the professional game. There never has been an open championship. To decide supremacy in their own ranks, amateur players, in 1928, organized a world's championship, to play for a cup presented by Elmer S. Prather of Paris.

This week, a broker, an insurance man, a diamond-merchant, a hotel man, a barber, a traveling salesman, a private secretary, and an artist met in New York for the first amateur world's championship ever held in America.

Ranging in age from twenty-two to fifty-two, they represent six countries. Four of



Self-portrait: Edmond Soussa, of Cairo and New York, former world's amateur three-cushion billiards champion

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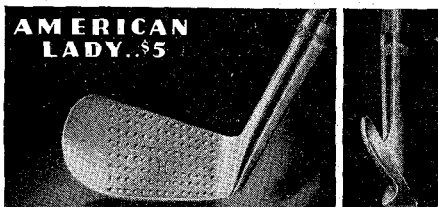
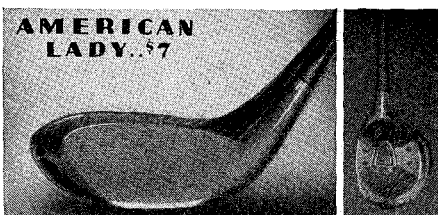



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them made the trip solely for the tournament.

Of the four Europeans one, Alfred Lagache, 1935 world champion, brought with him the trophy, and refused to let it out of his sight throughout the trip. Lagache is thirty-eight, a dapper Parisian broker, and considers the Prather trophy comparable to the Davis Cup among tennis-players.

The diamond merchant, Hendricks J. Robyns, fifty-two, held the cup in 1930, 1932, and 1933. A quiet, bald, slightly chunky Hollander, he once ran eighteen, and offers a strong challenge to Lagache.

Emile Zaman, forty-four, the only English-speaking member of the European party, has been Belgian champion for six years. An insurance man in Antwerp, he has no sport, no hobby, except billiards, which he started to play nine years ago.

Last of the four visitors is August Tiedtke, twenty-two-year-old German, who works in a hotel in Arnheim, Holland. Slender, smiling, Tiedtke holds the German three-cushion championship.

American Champion—Jacob Ankrom, a Detroit barber originally from the mountains of West Virginia, started playing three-cushion six years ago, and is holder of the United States championship. He won it recently.

Edward L. Lee, winner of the American title in 1931, '32, '33, '34, and '35, is blond, complacent, and a champion swimmer. He travels for a New York firm.

Third of the strictly American representatives in the tournament is Eugene Deardorff, private secretary to a railroad executive in St. Louis. Deardorff was runner-up for the American championship in 1935 and 1936.

The host for the occasion was Edmond Soussa, winner of the first two world amateur championships ever held. A highly capable painter, Soussa taught himself to play billiards in his native Egypt. He organized the Egyptian Billiard Association, but refused to enter tournaments because of his greater skill.

During his two years' residence in America, Soussa has devoted himself to painting and has played little three-cushion. Last year, however, he successfully defended his American amateur 18.2 championship.

Olympic Fund Problems

"America's Olympic team may have to swim to Germany for next summer's games if the drive for funds to finance the trip isn't more fruitful than it has been to date," wise-cracked Dan Parker in his New York *Daily Mirror* sports-column last week.

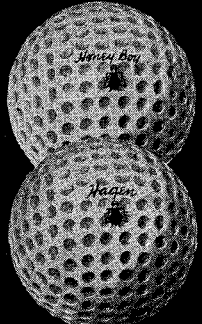
To most seasoned American Olympic Committeemen that sort of facetiousness is neither new nor amusing. Raising funds to send 400 American athletes abroad has always been difficult. The 1920 team sailed with a \$25,000 deficit and was financed home only by a last-minute drive for money.

But preparations for the 1936 Olympiad have been complicated during the past three years by internal dissension within the Committee's ranks, and by growing hostility to America's participation in the Games. Fomented by Hitler's discrimination

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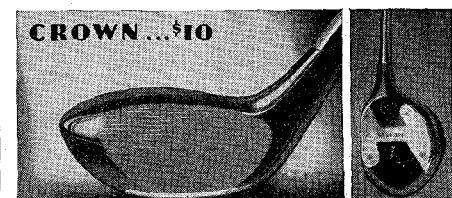
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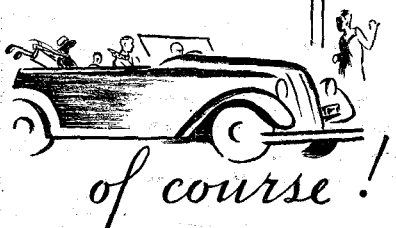
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against the Jews, opposition to the Berlin Games gathered momentum in this country scarcely a year after the 1932 Olympics.

By the summer of 1935 Catholic and Protestant groups had joined the cry for a boycott. Equally powerful were the forces favoring participation. Heading them was Avery Brundage, Chairman of the American Olympic Committee.

At the stormiest session in the forty-seven-year history of the Amateur Athletic Union, the battle reached a crisis in New York last December. Championed by Judge Jeremiah T. Mahoney, President of the A.A.U., the anti-Olympic bloc sought to put through a resolution opposing participation if the Games were held in Berlin.

Under the intricate A.A.U. voting rules, the resolution was tabled. Judge Mahoney resigned. In the Olympic Committee meeting that followed, plans were laid to "weed out" all "non-cooperative elements."

Two weeks ago, the first "non-cooperative element" was "weeded out" in the person of Charles L. Ornstein, Judge Mahoney's floor-leader in the December battle. Expelled on a seldom-invoked technicality, Ornstein denounced the Committee for adopting "the color and tactics of Nazi Germany."

Ouster Movement—Through the same technicality, permitting a member to be expelled for non-attendance at meetings, a move was on foot last week to oust Commodore Ernest Lee Jahncke, Assistant Secretary of the Navy under President Hoover, and one of three American members of the International Olympic Committee. Jahncke has also publicly denounced Nazi Germany.

Despite the success of its "weeding-out" tactics, the American Committee still faces a heavy shortage of ready money. Implied or actual boycott has reduced attendance at tryouts and cut sharply into the usually large private contributions. With sailing day three months away, only a tenth of the necessary \$320,000 has been raised.

Many sports, such as canoeing and field handball, have little or no box-office appeal in this country. They must always be financed privately or from the general Olympic fund.

Basketball Levy—This year basketball, a newcomer to Olympic ranks, was expected to raise at least \$50,000 for the fund. The recent tryout playoffs in New York were a notable disappointment.

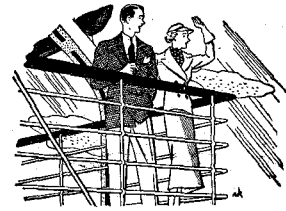
But Olympic officials are confident that no American athlete will have to swim to Germany this summer.

"We are no worse off financially than we have always been," says Gustavus T. Kirby, veteran Olympic Committee Treasurer. If there is not enough money for the officials to make the trip, they will be asked to stay home or pay their own way. Probably \$20,000 will come out of their own pockets. "If we can not afford to send a coach along, we will not do so."

"But no matter what happens, the teams will always come first."

To insure future American Olympic teams against the quadrennial financial embarrassment, officials will seek to raise money by adding a ten- to twenty-five-cent "Olympic donation" charge to tickets for all athletic events sponsored by the A.A.U.

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Persons and Personalities

Trip to Surgeon Spans 9,000 Miles

Australian Boy Who Swallowed Nail to See Noted Bronchoscopist

Ordinarily the departure of a young boy from Australia America-bound would attract no special notice. It is different with Kelvin Rodgers. Kelvin is three years old. And Kelvin is traveling to Philadelphia, to be operated on by Dr. Chevalier Jackson, inventor of the perfected bronchoscope.

The bronchoscope, first experimented with by Dr. Gustav Killian of Freiburg, Germany, in 1895, is utilized to remove foreign bodies from the lungs, larynx, and gullet. Doctor Jackson developed it into an ingenious mechanical instrument and perfected the technique of using it. So when Kelvin swallowed a nail and baffled Australian surgeons were unable to remove it, they thought of Doctor Jackson.

Kelvin's parents are not well-to-do. His case, however, attracted attention. Sympathizers came forward. The American Pioneer Lines offered free transportation to and from America. Doctor Jackson volunteered to perform the operation gratis. The Temple University Hospital in Philadelphia said it would provide quarters without fee. And so, the 20th of this month, Mrs. Rodgers and Kelvin will sail aboard the *S. S. Jeff Davis* for the U. S. and Doctor Jackson—a 9,000-mile trip.

Drops Don Quixote—Dr. Chevalier Don Quixote Jackson—he has dropped the middle name—world's foremost professor of bronchoscopy and esophagoscopy, is a little over seventy. Vigorous and active, he puts in most of his time at the Chevalier Jackson Bronchoscopic Clinic, in the Samaritan Hospital, North Philadelphia, affiliate of the Medical School of Temple University.

He is an affable, genial, smooth-shaven man about five feet, nine. He owns a farm outside Philadelphia, where he goes for

relaxation, and his hobby is painting. He dislikes publicity and refuses interviews.

He was born in Pittsburgh, November 4, 1865, studied at Western University, was graduated from Jefferson Medical College in 1886, and practised in Pittsburgh and New York before going to Philadelphia.

There, in 1916, he established a clinic devoted to the advancement of bronchoscopy. Three such clinics exist in Philadelphia to-day. They are internationally famous.

Improves Illumination—It was in 1903 that he conceived the idea of adding to the Killian tube or bronchoscope a system to facilitate the breathing of a patient during an operation. He also conceived a better method of illumination. Since then the average of successful operations has risen from one in ten to 98 per cent.

In 1927 Doctor Jackson was awarded the Bok Philadelphia gold medal and \$10,000, a prize given Philadelphians for outstanding achievement. He is the first in the medical profession to receive this award.

His chief concern is to impart to as many doctors as possible his knowledge and skill, that they may carry the science of bronchoscopy and esophagoscopy to the ends of the earth.

Hanson: Legal Ajax

A legal Ajax defying the lightning of a House Military Committee investigation guarded the interests of Frank C. Waldrop, a Hearst newspaper man, last week.

Called upon for information concerning a story he wrote referring to the case of two men now under indictment for conspiracy to defraud the Government, Mr. Waldrop had one stout answer.

To scores of questions hurled at him by Chairman John J. McSwain, South Carolina Democrat and target for many a Hearstian attack, the witness said, over and over:

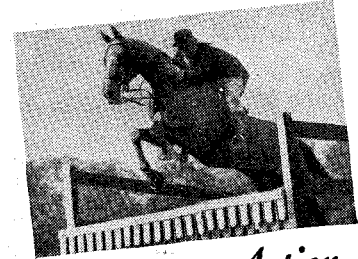
"Upon advice of counsel, I must decline to answer."

Counsel was Elisha Hanson, forty-seven-year-old attorney for the American Newspaper Publishers' Association, an able lawyer, usually tagged "conservative."

Son of a well-to-do Macon, Missouri, wagon-maker, young Hanson early set his sights upon the profession of law, but soon after he began his legal studies at Cornell University his father lost his money. Elisha had to go to work.

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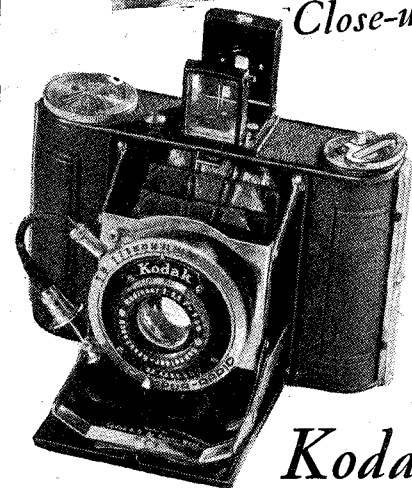
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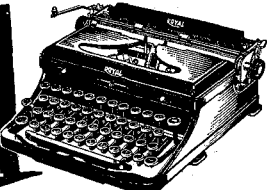
Dr. Chevalier Jackson, inventor of the bronchoscope and hunter of nails, in his Philadelphia clinic

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three years he banged a reporter's rickety typewriter on the Peoria (Illinois) *Journal*. In 1911 he went to Washington to become a clerk in the House document room. Two years later he returned to the newspaper fold as Washington Correspondent for the Lee Syndicate. In 1914 he began a four-year stretch as Washington Correspondent for the *Chicago Tribune*.

For experience, he became secretary to Chicago's Senator Medill McCormick, served for five years, studied law. To-day he is head of the firm of Hanson, Lovett and Dale, Washington, D. C.

He is a smallish man with a high forehead surmounted by graying brown hair. His face is oval and double-chinned. His small, close-set, button-like eyes are brown. He dresses neatly, conservatively; always looks fresh.

Fishing and hunting he likes a great deal. Since the coming of the New Deal, however, he has had little time for either.

His Hobbies—On Sundays he enjoys puttering around in old clothes on his twelve-and-one-half-acre estate at Bethesda, Maryland, near Washington. His hobbies are breeding fan-tailed pigeons and Irish setters, growing flowers, reading biography, history, and poetry.

His favorite poets are Wordsworth and Byron. Before arguing an important case he always reads Byron's "Vision of Judgment," as a fortifier. It is, says Edmund Gosse's *History of English Literature*, "a species of magnificent invective."

Mrs. Davies: Business Chief

In 1894 Charles William Post, in his early forties and just recovering from a nervous breakdown, was roasting grains of wheat and bran and boiling them in sweetened water. He was searching for a hot drink that would take the place of coffee.

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WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Blakeney—English poet—in two syllables: *blake'ney*.

Boie—American poet—she regrets that it is just *boy*.

Isak Dinesen—Danish author—this pseudonym is spoken as if it were *Isaac Dinnyson*.

Eaker—joint author of *This Flying Game*—as if spelled *acre*.

Fausset—British poet—he calls it *fos'set*, not *fauet*.

Gellert—Australian poet—a hard *g: gell'urt*, not *jell*.

Seumas MacManus—Irish author; playwright—the first name is *shay'mus*; then *mac-man'us*, not *mac-may-nus*.

Michaud—French and American writer—a silent *d: me-show'*.

Michelson—Democratic publicity director—think of *Michael: my'-kel-son*.

Sherard—British poet—stress the last syllable: *sher-ard'*.

called it Postum. Ten years later he had the Postum Cereal Company.

Post left to his daughter Marjorie some cash, relatively unimportant, and the Postum Cereal Company, which was of extreme importance. By 1924 the heritage of Marjorie Post had become the nucleus of the General Foods Corporation.

Last week Mrs. Marjorie Post Davies—before that, Mrs. Edward F. Hutton, and before that Mrs. Edward B. Close—teamed up with the General Foods Corporation to make more important news. She was elected to that company's Board of Directors, the first woman in the history of the concern to hold such a position.

Corporation to Benefit—General Foods stands to benefit by the move in two ways. First, the act will please the great number of women stockholders in the company, and the women employees in its advertising and dietary departments. Second, it will bring to the Board a person respected among her associates for her sound business sense.

A tall, trim-looking woman, Mrs. Davies dresses smartly. Her poise, vitality, and ingratiating smile make her popular. The energy that spurs tours of inspection about the Postum Building in New York is put to good advantage out of doors—she is fond of duck-hunting and sailing.

Mrs. Davies has traveled around the world. To schoolchildren she talks of Americanism. Among adults she campaigns for the American Liberty League.

There was a time during the 'twenties when her parties were the talk of New York society. But throughout the depression her entertaining has been reduced and she has taken up philanthropic activities.

In the "Hell's Kitchen" district of New York she distributes food to poor women and children. Her friends tell of the time she prevented a group of poor children from collecting pennies to buy a birthday present for her. Rather than disappoint them, a birthday party was held—with Marjorie Post Davies distributing the presents. To each child went a brand new suit or dress, hat, shoes, and stockings.



Acme

Duck-hunter and Director: Mrs. Marjorie Post Davies, of General Foods Corporation

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This in itself is unusual,—but not more unusual than the pages themselves. Fiction on The Children's Page is of a uniformly high standard, amply imaginative, with plenty of fun and humor, yet avoiding unnecessary sensationalism. Informative articles treat interesting subjects in an attractive way. Includes poetry, puzzles, a monthly book review column, and Nature column. Scheduled soon is a series known as the Chimney Farm Stories, by Henry Beston, well-known author of The Firelight Fairy Book.

The Young Folks' Page is more mature, its topics cover a wider range, it treats problems of which the older children have become aware, yet always with the idealism that permeates the Monitor as a whole. It also contains carefully selected fiction, poetry, articles on art, music, and allied topics.

Both these pages emphasize the unique place of the Monitor as a newspaper for the home—indeed a "fit-for-the-family newspaper," as one authority describes it. Why not introduce it to your family? Subscribe for it for six weeks at the special introductory rate of \$1.

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CCC: Least Criticized New Deal Unit

Fechner, After Three Years, Reviews Aid Given to Youth and Nation

Late in March, 1933, a telephone call from the White House reached Robert Fechner in Plainfield, New Jersey. On urgent business as General Vice-President of the International Association of Machinists, the labor leader could not go to Washington next day for a talk with President Roosevelt, whom he had known as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He had no idea what Mr. Roosevelt wanted.

Next morning Louis McHenry Howe, the President's Secretary, telephoned again. Mr. Howe was leaving Washington for New York.

Could Fechner board the train for a chat on the run into New York? The tall, rangy labor leader agreed, and he was offered the job of heading the Civilian Conservation Corps even before the necessary legislation passed Congress.

Last week the CCC, least criticized and most highly praised of all New Deal alphabetical agencies, celebrated its third birthday. And Robert Fechner, Director of Emergency Conservation Works, chalked up three years as its head and made a report.

In its lifetime, the CCC has employed for varying lengths of time approximately 1,600,000 men, most of them youngsters. The average member remains eight months in the Corps after enrolment.

The employment figures break down into 1,250,000 young men, 125,000 War veterans, 100,000 locally experienced men, 20,000 Indians, and numerous reserve officers, technical experts, construction foremen, and college graduates employed as camp educational advisers.

Millions in Wages—Mr. Fechner reported that the CCC has paid these men \$356,000,000, of which they had to send \$260,000,000 home to their families. This means that the program has put money into the hands of people who are mostly destitute and must spend it, in addition to stimulating trade in the communities nearby to more than 2,000 CCC camps. Almost every county in the forty-eight States has asked for at least one camp.

As a more direct aid to business, the CCC has spent \$615,000,000 for materials and equipment, helping particularly such industries as food, shoes, textiles, and clothing, also lumber and allied construction material industries.

In transporting its forces, it has helped chiefly the railroads.

Total cost of the CCC up to March 1, 1936, amounted to \$1,204,560,000, including \$260,000,000 for buying forest-land.

But Director Fechner takes a longer-range view of the benefits to business.

"I can not stress too much," he said, "the importance of the employment figures which show that each year since the Corps was established it has taken hundreds of thousands of idle young men from the environment of city streets and depression-hit



Wide World

Robert Fechner, leader of the CCC: signing the register gets his goat

homes and restored them to American industry with strong, healthy bodies and with a new perspective on life."

Many Placed in Jobs—A nation-wide survey of 93,000 men who had left the CCC bore out this contention. Nearly 40 per cent. had obtained jobs soon after separation from the Corps.

The actual work of CCC workers divides into many branches.

The men have been brought in from the forests to aid in cleaning up debris in flood-inundated cities. About 1,500 worked in the Hartford, Connecticut, area, drawing editorial praise for their efforts from New England newspapers.

Others worked successfully on mosquito-control operations in Delaware and New Jersey.

And still others have toiled on reclamation and grazing projects and restored the usefulness of drainage ditches in States of the Middle West. On the Indian reservations, CCC Indians have contributed to the protection and development of Indian lands.

But Director Fechner places emphasis on the completion of worth while projects for improving forests and parks and reducing the huge annual losses in dollars and valuable trees caused by forest fires, insects, tree-attacking diseases and forest-pests generally.

"The result of CCC work," he says, "has been to stimulate public opinion to the end

that there is growing appreciation that our park areas must be protected and developed for recreational use; and that the forest resources which support an industry with a predepression value of ten billion dollars and which are capable of the sustained employment of 2,000,000 persons must be protected from needless waste."

Since the first camp was established at Luray, Virginia, April 17, 1933, the CCC has made returns on the nation's investment in it by planting 558,000,000 trees, building 1,963,500 soil-erosion-control dams, and cutting 69,000 miles of trails and minor roads through forests.

To provide quick work against forest fires, it has built more than 2,500 lookout houses and towers and strung 42,000 miles of telephone wires. Corps members have spent 2,394,499 man days fighting forest fires.

"I am informed that in many instances," Mr. Fechner said, "State forest and park development programs have been advanced from fifteen to twenty-five years by the CCC program."

There are only fifty persons on the CCC administrative staff in Washington and ten out in the field. In cooperation with other government departments to which Fechner gives full credit—War, Labor, Interior, and Agriculture—the rest of the work is carried on.

Face Shows Wear—The CCC head is a neatly dressed man with none of the characteristics usually attributed to labor leader types, altho his face shows plenty of wear. After attending grammar schools in Georgia, he started as a machinist's apprentice and followed the trade's custom of taking to the road to gain experience. His work took him to Central and South America, Mexico, and a large part of the United States.

Quiet, unassuming, and poised, he played a prominent part in the 1901 Nine-Hour Movement and the Eight-Hour Movement of 1915.

During the War, he was called on to handle factory disputes in munitions plants. He has negotiated innumerable wage agreements.

In the Capital he lives a homey, natural life. All efforts to get him on the golf course have failed. He walks to work every day from the Burlington Hotel, and takes long walks with his wife. Reading is his only other hobby.

The CCC leader is a hard worker, but flatly refuses to work at night. If he has a particularly difficult job to handle, he puts in extra hours in the morning at his office in the New Post Office building.

The Guard Room register, which every one entering the building before 8 A.M. must sign, shows that he has arrived by 7 o'clock nearly every working day since he took office.

This register is his pet grievance, and is the only thing that has noticeably irritated him in Washington.

"I have to sign that damn thing every morning," he says, his brown eyes sparkling, "and it gets my goat."



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SEC as a Watch-Dog

Supreme Court Curbs It in "Let Seller Beware" Contest

In a six-to-three decision last week, the United States Supreme Court sharply rebuked the Securities and Exchange Commission. It held illegal a rule made by SEC, watch-dog over the country's interstate security sellers.

Almost more notable than the decision was the failure of the nine Justices to pass on the constitutionality of the Securities Act of 1933, a foundation pillar of the SEC's jurisdiction. In the case of J. Edward Jones *versus* SEC, this "Let-the-Seller-Beware Act" had been challenged.

The Court decided the issue presented did not offer a vehicle to test the Act.

Mr. Jones, a dealer in oil royalty securities, filed a registration statement with SEC—in effect an application for permission to sell oil-well securities.

Untruths Denied—SEC charged the statement seemed to include untruths, and subpoenaed Mr. Jones to appear and show cause why it should not issue a stop order. Mr. Jones vigorously denied untruths or misrepresentations. Through counsel, he withdrew the registration statement. SEC ordered him to appear anyway with books and records.

Overruling the lower Courts, Associate Justice Sutherland in the Supreme Court's majority opinion granted Jones the right to withdraw the application. With withdrawal, no investors, existing or potential, could be affected. The insistence of SEC on investigating after withdrawal amounted to an invasion of the constitutional rights of privacy, the Court decided.

In a sweeping denunciation of such invasions, the majority opinion held that "the fear that some malefactor may go unwhipped of justice weighs as nothing against . . . a practice so odious. . . ."

"Arbitrary power and the rule of the Constitution cannot both exist . . . and if the various administrative bureaus and commissions . . . are permitted gradually to extend their power by encroachments, even petty encroachments, upon the fundamental rights, privileges, and immunities of the people, we shall in the end, while avoiding the fatal consequences of a supreme autocracy, become submerged by a multitude of minor invasions of personal rights, less destructive but no less violative of constitutional guarantees."

Cardozo Dissents—In the minority opinion, Associate Justice Cardozo struck at the majority reasoning of his fellow Justices, declaring:

"It is no answer to all this that, upon the record now presented, a crime has not been proved or even definitely charged. . . ."

"But timely . . . is the reminder, as a host of impoverished investors will be ready to attest, that there are dangers in untruths and half-truths when certificates masquerading as securities pass current. . . ."

"The rule now assailed was wisely conceived and lawfully adopted to foil the plans of knaves intent upon obscuring or suppressing the knowledge of their knavery."



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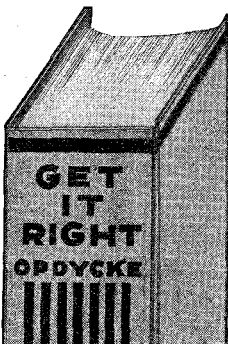
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U. S. Steel, Ink, and Sandwiches Too

Youthful Magnate and Unbidden Visitor Lend Color to a Meeting

Each spring, with the first robin, a handful of the 230,000 owners of the world's greatest steel company travel to a dusty room on the top floor of a six-story building in Hoboken, New Jersey.

Last week some two hundred responded to the summons of Myron C. Taylor, affable but exacting Chairman of the Board of the United States Steel Corporation. It was the annual stockholders' meeting.

Seated on creaking folding chairs, the two hundred applauded their nattily-dressed executive as, in polished, clipped, business man's language, he confirmed a report of earnings previously made public.

Profit Report—In 1935 U. S. Steel showed profits of \$1,146,000, he said. A small enough figure, but his hearers remembered the lean days of 1932, when the company operated at 17.7 per cent. full capacity, and lost \$52,000,000.

Now, Mr. Taylor reported, plants are running at 60 per cent. of capacity. Again, applause. Then the stockholders, relaxed by such cheering tidings, gave attentive ear to an even more roseate sketch of the future—a picture interrupted only by the arrival of lunch, traditionally "on the house."

Up the stairs waiters from the Lackawanna Railroad Restaurant below carried trays of sandwiches, pie, and coffee. But as officers and stockholders squared off, munching ham-on-rye, cheese, chicken, tongue, an unbidden, unannounced visitor gave reporters present a spot of color with which to brighten cold, dull figures.

The visitor was a bedraggled, unkempt but irrespressible man of seventy or more with streaky gray hair and scraggly white beard. Seating himself nonchalantly in a vacant chair beside the door, he deftly scooped from passing trays wedges of apple, coconut, and pumpkin pie, washing them down with four cups of coffee. No one

knew who he was. But his going was the signal for the resumption of business.

As Mr. Taylor put the finishing touches to his advance portrait of 1936, a fourteen-year-old high school sophomore from Allentown, Pennsylvania, again became all ears and shining eyes. He is William Snelling, and he is a business man himself. He and his younger brother, Robert, twelve, manufacture ink in the basement alongside their mother's laundry tubs, selling to hotels, business houses, manufacturers, and schools in many States.

Their business started with the gift of a chemical set from their father, but the boys have developed it entirely on their own. Last year their output grossed \$700.

\$30 to \$71—William came to Hoboken partly to interest U. S. Steel in his "best permanent blue-black" product, and partly because he owns one share of common stock which he bought for \$30 in 1932, worth \$71 last week, to find out what sort of an executive Mr. Taylor is.

He had a chance to find out, for elderly Homer Wakefield, owner of thirty-two shares of preferred worth \$4,160, reading from a two-page typed statement, protested Mr. Taylor's \$161,000 in salary and bonuses in 1934, President W. A. Irvin's \$102,000.

Quickly Mr. Taylor reminded Mr. Wakefield that competition for steel executives is keen, making liberal salaries necessary.

"Experience and talent are a man's capital," he said. "His employment wears him out. One of our vice-presidents [Edwin E. Ellis] died last year because of loyalty to service. He was only fifty-two."

Reassured, William decided to hold onto his one share, take a bigger profit. He and his brother were thinking, he added seriously, of adopting some of U. S. Steel's ideas in their ink business.



Wide World

William Snelling (left), U. S. Steel stockholder, and promoter of the ink he and his brother Robert (right) manufacture in their basement in Allentown, Pennsylvania.

The Open Forum

"Lost Generation"

Sir:—After reading, in your issue of April 4, the article, "To-Day's 'Lost Generation,'" I feel that Miss Maxine Davis has become unnecessarily ruffled.

In her self-appointed capacity of "Youth-Critic," she bitterly flays the attitude of indifference to be found in America's younger generation. She fumes:

"Ambitions have been humbled; enterprise has been chilled. Youth, apparently, has sunk into such apathy it doesn't even care what happens next."

You would give us ambition, Miss Davis, yet was it not that same creative energy which intoxicated another generation—probably your own—and eventually led to financial ruin?

To-day's "Lost Generation" seems, in reality, far wiser than the last. We would have conditions adjust themselves naturally, instead of becoming more deeply involved by misdirected "fixing."

JOHN E. COVEY, 3d.
Nashville, Tennessee.

Future Wars' Veterans

Sir:—Surely the students at Princeton and Vassar are only thinking of the comic part of the proposals for an organization of the Veterans of Future Wars and Association of Gold Star Mothers of the Veterans of Future Wars.

If the burlesque were only about the bonus, they might have their fun. It is certainly a lack of respect to make a satire of the sacred pilgrimage to the graves of our gallant soldier dead.

I doubt very much if any of these organizers are sons or daughters of Gold Star Mothers.

DR. LEWIS M. HOUGH.
Orangeburg, South Carolina.

[When the college girls realized they were satirizing America's Gold Star Mothers, they changed the name of their group to the "Ladies' Auxiliary of the Veterans of Future Wars."—Editor.]

Legal Infants

Sir:—Doctor Eisner's letter in your "Forum" advocating the execution of juvenile murderers illustrates a common but primitive and inconsistent view. That "you shall not kill" a human being is, he declares, the most simple of human laws, which a ten-year-old child can understand; therefore, if a youth of fifteen years transgresses it, he should be killed!

Children in general are little savages, necessarily unmoral. Most of them have to learn moral laws as they learn the Three R's.

Children born in the slums, or in homes where drunkenness or other blights prevail, may require a long time to develop moral

Justice

Sir:—The attitude of certain Senators in condemning the nations that have failed to pay their debts is hard to reconcile with the position taken by Congress in encouraging the repudiation of contracts.

The recently enacted World War Adjusted Compensation Act stipulates that interest shall be canceled for the veterans who have defaulted in their interest payments, but no provision is made either to cancel or refund the interest paid by veterans in compliance with the terms of their notes.

In other words, Congress has decided to reward persons who repudiate their obligations and penalize those who honor them.

WILLIAM ROBERTS.
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

discrimination; they may have no help or inspiration ever to develop it.

A society that can devise no better way to deal with those who kill (often on blind and regretted impulse) than deliberately to kill them is not well civilized.

A. H. DALLEY.
San Francisco.

"Mail-Dispatcher"

Sir:—Mr. Stefan Hirsch explains the irregularities of his picture in a recent issue, satisfactorily, but his sarcasm is unpardonable. It reveals the fact that he knows less about mail-dispatchers than mail-dispatchers know about art.

If Mr. Hirsch can learn the exact location of every Post-Office in six States; the fastest train, bus, air, boat, star route and rural route connections thereto; the streets and house numbers in two cities and the number on the letter-carrier's cap for each house; if he can keep in step with innumerable changes in all of these details and then stand up to a letter-case and distribute letters at the speed of fifty per minute with 99.95 per cent correct he has a mentality good enough for that "most modest profession."

ARCHIE E. BRADSHAW.
Portland, Oregon.

Sir:—An artist should be, first of all, an accurate observer.

Mr. Hirsch states that a "mural is a painting meant to dramatize, dignify, and monumentalize." Can he tell us in what manner his atrocity performs any of these functions? It is a certainty that there is nothing dramatic about his subject as he has rendered it.

G. L. HOLMES.
San Francisco.

Landon's Pipe

Sir:—In your issue of March 21, N. S. Fisons of Seattle strenuously objects to your picture of Landon smoking a pipe, which appeared on a recent cover.

Does the reader from Seattle want for President some one who isn't even human enough to enjoy smoking a pipe?

Syracuse, New York ELIZABETH PECK.

Sir:—I can not refrain from seconding N. S. Fisons.

I am used to pipes but expect a man to remove his while talking or posing.

I can not see why any man who hasn't an inferiority complex on the subject should want to hide his expression behind a pipe.

WILLIAM NICOLLE.
Houston, Texas.

Flood

Sir:—Regarding the Johnstown Flood seemingly universally dated as occurring in 1889: The correct date of the flood was 1887.

I graduated from Hughes High School in 1889, and in that year there was no Johnstown flood.

HELEN R. DONNELLY.
Dubuque, Ia.

[Yet the famous Johnstown flood did, alas, occur on May 31, 1889, according to all authorities and survivors.—Editor.]

Roosevelt

Sir:—Mr. Roosevelt became President of the United States on his promise of better Government with less expense.

Has he forgotten this promise? Or, since his Election does he just consider his promise a scrap of paper?

J. B. WISE.
Oologah, Oklahoma.

"Kickers' Column"

Sir:—After reading the letters in "The Open Forum" for several months, I suggest you change its name to "The Kickers' Column."

L. W. BROWN, M.D.
Indianapolis.

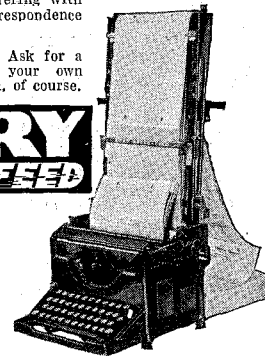
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"... Please send me a Weil Reducing Belt for a 36 inch waist. The first one I got was a 46—this one should be 8 inches smaller." W. I. McGinnis, Livemore, Cal.

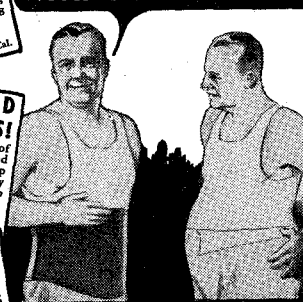
REDUCED 50 POUNDS!

"... This is a belt of great value and I find it has reduced my weight from 230 to 180 pounds." W. J. Anderson, Richmond, Va.

REDUCED 6 INCHES!

"... My waist measure has reduced 6 inches and my weight from 206 to 184 lbs. I feel just without my Weil Reducing Belt." E. E. Hershner, Hattie, Ohio.

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The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Helpless. — There was nothing but coffee for breakfast at the Van Quentin home yesterday morning. Mr. Van Quentin was sent out for bread Sunday night, and thoughtlessly brought home an unsliced loaf.—*Kansas City Star*.

How He's Crowned!—The C.P.O.'s wife had just paid the last instalment on the perambulator.

CLERK — "Thank you, madam. How is the baby getting on now?"

LADY—"Oh, he's all right. He's getting married next week."—*U. S. Coast Guard*.

Used To It.—Philip Merivale is making his first movie for Hollywood. The studio executives have done their best to make him feel at home, but his director was a little apprehensive on the first day of shooting. "I know it must be hard for you, Mr. Merivale," he said, "working without an audience."

"Not at all," answered Mr. Merivale. "I've just been acting Shakespeare in New York."—*Stage*.

Keep Off.—Myra Kingsley, the astrologer, who has just returned from a trip South, sends us a transcript of a sign which originally adorned a Kentucky farmer's acres:

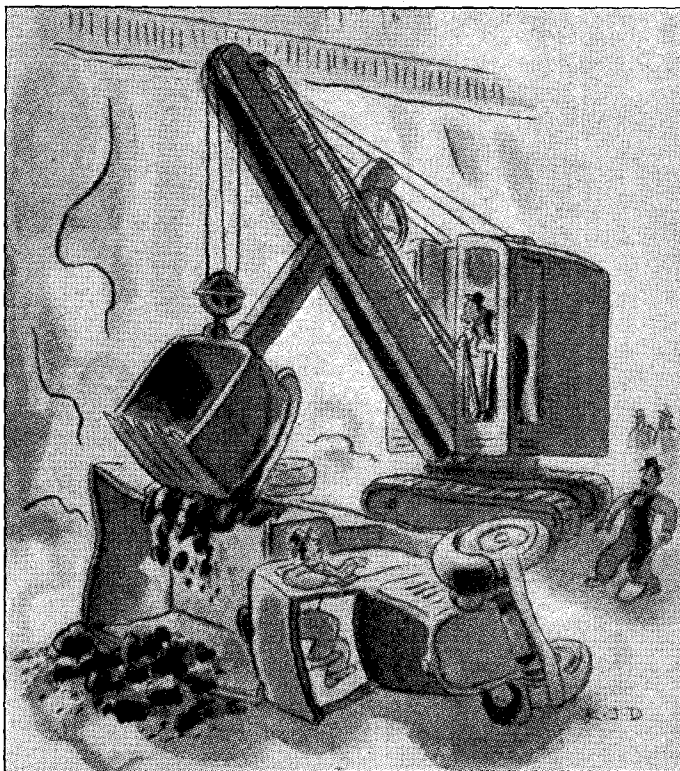
NOTIS

Trespassers will be percecuted to the full extent of two mongrel dogs which aint never been too sociable with strangers and one dubble br'l shotgun which aint loaded with sofa pillows. DAM if I aint gittin tired of this hell raisin' round my place.

A local sporting-goods shop now has the original, she says, in their gun-room.—*Lucius Beebe, New York Herald Tribune*.

Futility.—Several nights ago we were in a tiny bar-and-grill on the East Side when a shabby, timid little man came in, carrying under his arm a parcel wrapped in newspaper. He approached our table and said, "Pardon me. If you tie me up, I'll get loose in three minutes." We just looked surprised; he opened his parcel and displayed a rope. We said gently that we weren't interested in seeing him get loose in three minutes, so he thanked us and moved on to the next table.

It turned out that nobody in the place wanted to see him get loose in three minutes, so he wrapped his parcel again and went out into the night. We asked the bartender about him. "I don't know who he is," the bartender told us. "He comes in about once a week, but nobody has ever tied him up yet."—*The New Yorker*.



"You'll have to excuse me. I'm all thumbs to-day"

—*Day in The New Yorker*

Book Larnin'.—The Southern father was introducing his family of boys to a visiting Governor.

"Seventeen boys," exclaimed the Governor. "And all Democrats, I suppose."

"All but one," said the father proudly. "They're all Democrats but John, the little rascal. He got to readin'."—*Drexlerd*.

Considerate. — SAILOR — "Don't bother me. I am writing to my girl."

MARINE—"But why are you writing so slowly?"

SAILOR—"She can't read very fast."—*The Job Order*.

Simpler.—A drunk searching diligently along the edge of the pavement and the gutter was approached by an officer who said:

"What are you looking for?"

"I just lost fifty cents."

"Where did you lose it?"

"About a half a block down the street."

"Well, why are you looking for it here?" asked the impatient officer.

"Oh," replied the drunk, "the light's much better here."—*Annapolis Log*.

Out of It.—One of the PWA workers on Riverside Drive was complaining because he had no shovel. He finally told the foreman about it. "Gee whizz," he gee-whizz'd, "I haven't any shovel!"

"Well, whaddaya kickin' about?" was the answer, "you don't have to do any woik if you ain't got no shovel!"

"I know," pouted the fellow, as he stamped both feet, "but I haven't got anything to lean on—like the other guys!"—*Walter Winchell, New York Daily Mirror*.

Slips That Pass in the Type

Give Him a Contract—

AUTO DRINKER GIVEN 10 DAYS

—*Rochester (N. Y.) paper*.

Impossible.—Fire Chief Leon Parker said the fire was started by a negro boy, about 6 or 1 years old, who grew angry at an ice cream social.—*Tulsa (Okla.) paper*.

Well, Now—

SHOOTING IS HARMLESS

—*Cincinnati (Ohio) paper*.

Snapper—

FOG BITES FIVE AT SPRIGNFIELD

—*St. Louis (Mo.) paper*.

Worn With the Shirt of Nessus?—Dr. Couch will speak on "The Chemistry of Poisonous Pants."—*Washington (D. C.) paper*.

Vegetable Soap.—Never throw away bones left from a roast or shoulder. Put them on in cold water, and if cooked several hours a very good soap may be obtained with the addition of diced vegetables.—*Louisville (Ky.) paper*.

Stuffed Dates?

SYMPHONY MAY SPLIT

SOLOISTS TO FILL DATES

—*Dallas (Tex.) paper*.

Man Bites Dog?—

WHITE MAN TRIES

TO STEAL CHICKENS

—*Savannah (Ga.) paper*.

Whopper—

GERMAN NOBLES DIE

AS PLANE HITS PEA

—*Oklahoma City paper*.

Truthful—

1928 CHEVROLET SEDAN. A good running car, completely refinished. This one won't last long. Only \$145.

—*Seattle (Wash.) paper*.

Fee, Fi, Fo, Fum.—Dr. — — — had to prescribe for 12 tummy aches this morning after it was discovered that several of the tiny mites had smuggled a huge chocolate cake to bed after a supper party of children, milk and ice cream.—*Boston (Mass.) paper*.